


Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 16, 1971 60 CENTS

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Dick Butkus
Pete Rose
Oscar Robertson
Phil Esposito.**
They know.



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Next week

STALKING A KILLER through open seas, a unique hunting party lands some fascinating film of that elusive man-eater, the great white shark. James Lipscomb describes the quest.

GO NORTH, YOUNG MEN was the rallying cry for a bunch of promising college stars, including Joe Thiemann and Steve Worster, who spurned the NFL to play up in Canada.

LONG GONE on motors. Actor Steve McQueen makes his great escape from the problems of Hollywood and home by blurring across the California desert on his beloved dirt bike.

"I don't care what brand other people smoke. It's flavor I'm after. I get it with Old Gold Filters."



Old Gold Filters.
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19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '70.

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the uncommon motor oil

SHOPWALK

Going to pieces is the whole point of Par Puzzles, mind-bogglers for the millions

Mary Roberts Ranchart used them to keep herself preoccupied while she worked out the intricacies of her mystery plots. A former president of Bethlehem Steel ordered them sent to his special train at Penn Station. Marlene Dietrich, Bing Crosby, Yul Brynner and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are addicts, as were several members of the Astor, Gould, Vanderbilt and DuPont families. At one point they were probably America's favorite indoor sport.

Today jigsaw puzzles have pretty much gone the way of Mah-jongg and whist, but to a hard core of fanatics—including the people listed above—there remains no substitute for a nice 750- to 2,600-piece mind-bender to wile away a rainy afternoon or long convalescence. And no supplier going quite so far as jigsaw aficionados as well as Par Puzzles, 18 East 53rd Street, New York City, 10022.

"Everyone who loves puzzles finally finds us," says John Henriques, holding forth in the gamelike office-factory where he and partner Frank Ware have been mastering the world's most unusual and elaborate jigsaw puzzles since 1936. He describes their product as "fiendishly intricate," and he's right. They are also colorfully elaborate. Each Henriques-Ware puzzle is one of a kind, hand-cut from live-ply mahogany-buckled wood, velvet to the touch and monogrammed with pieces cut in the shape of dates, messages or any talisman the customer requests. "One woman asked us to make a puzzle from a photograph of the odometer of her imported car, which had just registered 50,000 miles."

Henriques and Ware like to work from masterpieces, preferably the modern ones. A favorite source is Matisse, whose work is rich in color and detail. Taste in puzzles has changed, they report. "When we first started, people ordered Anne Hathaway's cottage, hunting prints or tavern scenes," says Henriques. "We were the first in the business to make puzzles out of the moderns. One woman who was horse crazy wanted Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair*—a stinking picture, very dull in color and everything else. We finally weaned her away to moderns, and now she loves them. When someone orders a Norman Rockwell, we win." Their least favorite subject is boats, which usually turn out to be nothing but "acres of sky and water," says Ware.

The only clue they give patrons about their puzzles is the solving time—anywhere from four hours to six weeks, depending on the number of pieces. It's an expensive game—\$75 to \$2,000 per puzzle—but, as one satisfied customer put it, "It's cheaper than psychoanalysis."

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

AUG. 19 **AUG. 29**

\$250,000.00 IN TALENT

AUG. 19 Quarter Horse Racing
AUG. 20 The Gutter Who
AUG. 21 REO SKELTON
AUG. 22 GLEN CAMPBELL
AUG. 23 GOSPEL SINGERS
AUG. 24-27 ROY ROGERS & GALE EVANS
 with Championship Rodeo
AUG. 24 BOOT JAMBOLLO
AUG. 24-25 Harvest Raising
AUG. 26 5TH DIMENSION with George Kirby
AUG. 26-28 CHAMP. MOTORCYCLE RACE
 - Sat. Night
AUG. 29 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
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We're not in the business of selling life insurance. We're here to help you do a better job of buying it. By giving you the kind of information you need to talk to an agent with a little more confidence than you may have right now.

The fact is, we have a 64-page booklet called "Understanding Your Life Insurance." The booklet is free. And it's filled with the simple ideas behind complicated-sounding terms like nonforfeiture.

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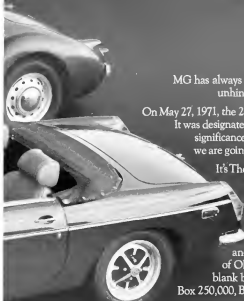
MG-TC This is the classic 2-seater that American servicemen brought home with them. The TC was the spark that ignited the sports car phenomenon and we sold a surprising 10,000 TCs by 1930.

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Offer void in the State of Washington and wherever prohibited by law. Residents of Ohio, and Wisconsin may obtain an entry blank by writing to: 250,000th MGB Giveaway, Box 250,000, Blair, Nebraska 68009, before Sept. 4, 1971.

The Great 250,000th MGB Giveaway officially closes Sept. 18, 1971. So hurry—act today. For the name of your local Austin MG Dealer, dial (800) 631-1971 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 962-2803. Calls are toll free



British Leyland Motor Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605

How much do you see when

Think about it for a moment, then read the paragraph below, from **THE WORLD OF VAN GOGH**.

Signs of Van Gogh's grief—and his fears—abound in this turbulently emotional work. The sky is a deep, angry blue that overpowers the two clouds on the horizon. The foreground is uncertain—an ill-defined crossroad. A dirt path seen in part in the foreground runs blindly off both sides of the canvas; a grass track curves into the wheat field only to disappear at a dead end. The wheat itself rises like an angry sea to contend with the stormy sky. Crows flapping over the tumult swarm toward the viewer. Even the perspective contributes to this effect; the horizon rolls relentlessly forward. In this picture Van Gogh painted what he must have felt—that the world was closing in on him and his roads of escape were blocked, with the land rising up and the sky glowering down. Created in the artist's deepest anxiety, the painting nevertheless reveals Van Gogh's power, his expressive use of color and firm sense of composition.

Now look at the painting again.

Do you see more in it this time? Is it more interesting to you? Do you feel the emotional impact in a way you didn't before? Would you be able to interpret the painting for a friend or a younger member of your family? Do you think you've learned something not only about this work, but about all works of art?

If your answer to any or all of these questions is yes...if a single paragraph from *The World of Van Gogh* helps you to see more, feel more, know more about art...just imagine what a 168-page book can do for you. Or books about other masters.

The World of Van Gogh

Borrow it for 10 days free as a guest of the
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The World of Van Gogh introduces you to the TIME-LIFE Library of Art—a richly illustrated series that brings right into your home the best of 700 years of Western painting and sculpture. With several volumes in print, the Library has been highly praised by critics all over the country. Focusing on the work and the world of artists such as Michelangelo, Goya or Turner, each volume is a splendid gallery, an invaluable reference book and a pleasurable way of increasing your appreciation of art.

160 illustrations, 72 in full color

Written by Robert Wallace, *The World of Van Gogh* is 9" x 12", 188 pages, with 160 illustrations, many of them full- or double-pages. To help you see Van Gogh against the setting of his time and his contemporaries, the book also offers profusely illustrated chapters on Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec, as well as examples

of the work of Cézanne, Degas, Renoir, Monet and others. For all its luxurious features, the book costs only \$5.95 (\$6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. With it, you receive free a specially written 3,500-word essay on art history...plus a large, full-color chronology chart which lists 368 major Western artists.

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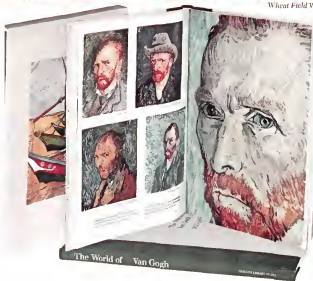
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you look at this painting?

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Wheat Field With Crows, Auvers, July 1890



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chronicle not only of his artistic,
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This unique combination of skill, instinct, experience, and thus authentic ritual is one of the many reasons why Dewar's "White Label" is considered to be the authentic Scotch of today.



Part of the great pleasure one gets from sipping Dewar's "White Label" Scotch is the reassuring knowledge that you have chosen something authentic.

Dewar's never varies.



The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN RANE

THE BIG THINK

It seemed to be a good idea when the ultimate philosophers of baseball, the owners, decided to slice the two expansion-swollen major leagues into four divisions. That way, no one in either 12-team league ever would finish lower than sixth. The customers, they schemed, would thereby be tempted to watch not just two big pennant races but four little ones followed by two playoffs and the final-final.

Well, no team has been able to finish lower than sixth, although if it were possible San Diego might be considered a candidate this year. But in two years the two leagues have managed to come up with only one remotely exciting championship race out of a possible eight. In the American League, Baltimore won its division by 19 games in 1969 and by 15 in 1970. Minnesota won by nine games in each year. In the National League the Mets won by eight games in 1969 and the Pirates by five in '70. A year ago the Reds won in the West by 14½. Only in 1969, when the Braves tossed out the Giants in the West by three games, was there a semblance of suspense. And there was nothing suspenseful about the so-called "championship series" that determined the ultimate pennant winners. All of these best three-out-of-five matches have ended in clean sweeps. Die-hard skeptics felt that the races in both leagues would have been closer had there been no divisions. They would have been, too.

At midseason this year there appeared to be no sign of improvement; three of the four division races were all but locked up. Now, however, some small hopes of salvation have surfaced. The Giants, staggering since their early show of foot, are sinking closer to the Dodgers; the Pirates seem no longer invincible; and Baltimore and Boston still are playing Alphonse and Gaston. Only Oakland is out of sight.

But here's the rub: There would be even closer races this year without those divisions. In the American League, Oak-

land, Baltimore and Boston all would be in pennant contention. In the National, the Pirates, Giants, Cardinals, Dodgers and Cubs would be within halting distance of each other.

But, of course, someone still would have to finish 12th.

ACHILLES' KNEE

Pro football's exhibition season was not quite two periods old for the New York Jets when that star-crossed team's hopes for a brilliant 1971-72 under the skilled hand and arm of Joe Namath were shattered. Attempting to make a tackle after a fumbled pitchout, Namath struggled up from the pileup with damaged ligaments in his left knee. At best, and it sounded like the ultimate in optimism, the Jets and Namath could only hope that Dr. James A. Nicholas, orthopedist for the team, was right when he said, "There is a possibility that Joe may be able to play by the 10th game of the season late in November."

Dick Young, columnist for New York's *Daily News* and long intimate with the quarterback's difficulties, even went so far as to suggest that Namath should not have been playing at all.

"This could be it for good," Young wrote. "This is what Joe Namath and Dr. Nicholas have feared right along, the time the knees would become so deteriorated that almost any kind of blow would stretch or snap a ligament. Indeed, Dr. Nicholas secretly feared that one day the leg might snap at the knee."

Apparently the risk was worth it to Namath. He had approached this season with a revived interest, an enthusiasm for the game he had not shown in years. Given physical soundness, he needed that special mental attitude to prove to the football world how great he really was. Now we may never know.

THE AMATEUR FORECASTER

The general opinion among golfers is that the Masters championship is decided every April at Augusta. Friends

of Paul Fiorita, a Greenwich, Conn. amateur with a five handicap, know otherwise. It is decided the previous July in the pro-shop of the Westchester (N.Y.) Country Club, when pairings are drawn for the Pro-Am Tournament that precedes the Westchester Classic.

Except for one year when Fiorita's pro partner wasn't invited to Augusta, the professional he has been paired with in the Pro-Am has gone on to win the next year's Masters. The magic worked first for George Archer in 1969, then for Billy Casper in 1970. Last year Fiorita confidently told his partner what to expect. Charles Coody just laughed.

This year Paul was paired with Don Bies of Seattle, whose name you may not recognize. But, come next April, maybe you will.

SPORT FOR SOREHEADS

One of the occupational hazards of soccer is a sore head—arising from the rule



that only the goalkeeper may touch the ball with his hands. The other players advance the ball or shoot it with their feet—or their heads.

As a consequence, a new kind of practice has developed in London's Harley Street, the world-famous British medical center. Soccer players are going to the Harley Street Clinic to get their heads toughened. The treatment is a professional secret.

"The treatment makes it easier for the players to head the ball because it is less painful, and it is doing fantastic things for them," a clinic spokesman explained. "There has been a fantastic amount of inquiries from footballers,"

continued



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Cone

SCORECARD

REMEMBRANCE OF TIMES PAST

An extremely salable product these days is nostalgia. Old musicals are a smash on Broadway, old photograph records are experiencing a profitable revival and old magazines are being reissued on the newsstands. Now retired fighters are about to have their day. Come Sept. 14 at White Plains (N.Y.) County Center, a series of exhibition bouts is expected to bring in \$72,000 for Westchester County's United Cerebral Palsy Fund.

The nostalgia in this case will derive from the days when prizefights were presented on television three nights a week. Directed by Chico Vejar, the middleweight of the '50s, who will box Chuck Davey of the same vintage, a total of seven three-round bouts will be presented by 14 former fighters, among them seven ex-champions. Rocky Graziano will be pitted against Jake LaMotta, Willie Pep will face Sandy Saddler, Carmen Basilio will box Ernie Durando, Roger Donoghue will meet Steve Belfiore, Tippy Larkin will take on Charlie Fusari and Joey Giardello will oppose Billy Graham.

NEERING EYE AT TAIHOE

Come Super Bowl time in 1972 it will be the Detroit Lions against the Kansas City Chiefs, according to Hantah's Tahoe Race Book.

The book makes the Lions 3-1 to take the National Conference title, the Chiefs the same to win the American.

Other National odds: Minnesota 7-2, San Francisco 4-1, Dallas 5-1, Los Angeles 6-1, New York Giants 8-1, Washington and St. Louis each 10-1, Chicago and Green Bay each 20-1, Atlanta 30-1, Philadelphia and New Orleans each 50-1.

American odds: Oakland 7-2, Miami 4-1, Baltimore 5-1, New York Jets 6-1, Cleveland 7-1, Cincinnati 8-1, San Diego and Houston each 15-1, Denver 20-1, Pittsburgh 40-1, Buffalo and New England each 50-1.

DIVING TO FREEDOM

A course of studies available to convicts at the California Institute for Men, a minimum-security state prison in Chino, is so popular that eight prisoners thus far have refused to be discharged either upon completion of their sentences or when they have become eligible for parole. Men have asked to stay in prison for as long as five months in order to finish the nine-month course.

The course is in deep-sea diving and

offers an exhaustive program of classroom and field work. The physical-fitness schedule calls for an hour and a half of work each day—a 4½-mile cross-country run (within the prison compound), 30 minutes of calisthenics and a two-mile swim. All facets of diving, from scuba to commercial hard hat, are taught, along with the cutting and welding of steel, plumbing, electrical wiring, the handling of explosives and the operation of underwater camera gear.

Bob Howard, a professional diver, conducts the course.

"Without this training," he points out, "they have little to fall back on to survive on the street. They give up a little to start as an apprentice at \$60 to \$70 per week, but the big nugget is that they have the potential to earn \$15,000 to \$20,000 per year clean money."

The first class graduated eight men last April. All are employed.

POPULATION IMPLICATION

Duck hunters won't be too happy with a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service report on the coming season. A study of the Canadian scene reveals:

Mallard production is about the same as last year, which is 10% above the 10-year average.

Pintails are 9% below 1970 and 11% below average.

Redheads are down 6% from 1970, 10% below average.

Canvasbacks are down 15% from last year, 12% below the 10-year average.

Only the blue-winged teal figures showed marked improvement. They are 5% above 1970 and 7% above average.

DAYS OF REAL SPORT

For years Little League baseball has come under criticism because so many young players, pitchers especially, injure their underdeveloped arms. Moves have been made to introduce pitching machines and to limit pitchers to two innings each.

Now the "new city" of Columbia, Md., has decided that organized contact sports are not good for children under 12. The Columbia Recreation Association has concluded that henceforth it will not supply equipment for boxing, karate, judo, football, lacrosse or hockey.

On the other hand, the association does approve of archery, boating, bowling, golf, swimming, tennis and track.

"The positive values of sports, their

important effects on stamina and physiological functioning and their value as lifelong recreation activities should be emphasized," the association noted.

One delegate, Mrs. Dolly O'Loughlin, reported, "We agreed that it's safer for a boy to play football in his own backyard. If he gets tired, he can at least sit down. And he doesn't have that pressure of competition."

DIAL-A-BET

Until New York City got into the business, the only legal off-track bookmakers in the U.S. were in Nevada, where there are 12 licensed books—in Las Vegas, Reno and Lake Tahoe. To place a bet legally in Nevada you must be in one of those cities, since placing bets by telephone is against state law.

The reason for the ban is a federal law which forbids the placing of bets by interstate telephone, and Nevada's state authorities want to be certain of compliance with the federal restriction.

But in New York City bettors are encouraged to establish credit and place their bets by telephone. Nevada bookies want the same privilege. Permitting the placing of bets by telephone in New York makes Nevada bookies "second-class citizens," grumbles North Swanson, operator of the Reno Turf Club.

The restriction will be especially senseless, the bookies feel, when off-track betting becomes nationwide. "I give it five years," says Sammy Cohen of the Santa Anita race book in Las Vegas.

The trouble is, Nevada authorities say, that with today's direct distance dialing, it is impossible to tell where a telephone call originates. So they want to retain the law. But the bookies are persistent, and Governor Mike O'Callaghan has indicated that the question may come up before the state Gaming Policy Committee.

THEY SAID IT

• Jonathan Stiggers, new head basketball coach at Hayward State, explaining that his team would fast-break and play less pattern basketball. "We'll have a homestatic type of offense within a certain dynamic status quo."

• Eddie Robinson, Grambling head coach, asked if he had a drug problem: "No, I went to one of these drug seminars and I came back and told my players that when you use drugs you lose your sex drive. You should have seen how big their eyes got."

END

English Leather Plus. The anti-perspirant that works like those cold capsules.



You know of course how those famous cold capsules work. Lots of tiny time beads give you three times longer relief.

Well that's the same idea behind new English Leather® Plus. And there's not another anti-perspirant like it.

Until now, anti-perspirants only had one time release action — in the anti-perspirant.

But English Leather Plus has three:

1. A time-release anti-perspirant.
2. A time-release deodorant.
3. A time-release fragrance.

When you first spray on Plus, it works like any good anti-perspirant. It keeps you dry, comfortable, and scented with that great English Leather aroma. Safe from wetness and body odor.

Then, just when other deodorants begin to weaken, Plus comes on strong. At this crucial time—after a long day, and when your body needs it most—Plus releases another booster of deodorant protection and fresh English Leather fragrance.

Zap!

Automatically you have renewed protection against body odor.

That's why Plus keeps you dry and smelling good for a long, long time.

And keeping dry, don't forget, is one way of not catching cold.



HALF TON, ALL RACE

Milwaukee offered a revolutionary sailboat competition. No handicaps, no adjusted finishes—just fastest boat wins. And forget it if you don't know what 'half ton' means. Nobody does **by HUGH D. WHALL**

Until very recently, distance racing in sailboats was governed—to everyone's everlasting boredom—by a handicap system. After measuring various parts of the boat's anatomy, including hulls, sails and shoe sizes of the crew, ratings were computed. These ratings were then applied as handicaps, which usually led to the paradox of winning boats with large handicaps crossing the finish line long after losing boats. It was a strange way to run a race.

But last week, off Milwaukee on Lake Michigan, a revolutionary kind of sailboat racing had its coming-out party. It is called "ton" racing, and, curiously, it works this way: the fastest boat is the winner. "When you finish first you know who won," said Sailmaker Fred Bremen, co-skipper of *Tiger Mork*, the quarter-ton winner. What will they think of next?

The call for a real race, sponsored by the Milwaukee Yacht Club, *One-Design & Offshore Yachting* magazine and the Midget Ocean Racing Club, brought entries from all over the country to compete in the quarter-ton and half-ton divisions. Quarter ton? Half ton? Most of the people hanging around the yacht club dock had not the slightest idea what the figures meant. The racing boats, which were being slaved over by crews armed with drills, hacksaws and knives,

obviously weighed far more than 500 or 1,000 pounds. So what did it all mean? "Ah, forget it," an official advised. "Quarter ton and half ton doesn't mean a thing. Just remember that half-tonners may not rate more than 21.7 feet and quarter-tonners more than 18 feet even." Essentially, sailboat racing has always been a handicap event; now the event is level, but the name becomes the handicap.

At Milwaukee the race was the show, and a thrilling one right from the starts, which sometimes resembled the old mad opening dash at Le Mans more than any traditional sail-away. For the first

half-ton distance event, an overnight race to Waukegan, 50 miles down lake and back, the fleet took off with the starting horn more like a bunch of 2-year-old maiden fillies going 3½ furlongs at Hialeah. The boats crashed the starting line in such a crush that one of them—aptly named *Impulse*—sent race committee members scurrying for safety as she rammed their anchored boat. Shortly afterward, during a quarter-ton start, the officials had to reach for their preservers again as *Prim Fier* slid right into the committee boat's side. "It was like a war out there," one official back from the front shaded later.

The finishes were just as good. It took a sail-off between *Tiger Mork* and *Foxy Lady* to determine the quarter-ton champion, and the margin there—a minute and four seconds after 15 miles, a matter of about four boat lengths in the calm waters—was the closest anybody could recall in an event of national importance. "It was nerve-racking," said *Tiger Mork* crewman Pedro Morillas. "My heart was beating just like I'd been in an airplane crash."

The whole matter was decided when Skip Boston, sailing *Foxy Lady*, decided

crossed

Half-ton challengers, "*El Kef*" (right) and "*Incredible*," move in close at a mark.



"*Foxy Lady*" sails a jewel-studded sea, Milwaukee derby behind her.





to get a spinnaker only yards from the finish line. In the dark, spectators could see the sail fill with wind and moonbeams, for a second. Then a foul puff strode across the lake and cruelly blew back into the crew's faces. *Tiger Moth*, remaining safe and snug under her biggest jib, took the same puff to pull over the line the winner.

The half-ton result was not quite as dramatic, but the dark-horse winner, *Raider*—a boat that was supposed to be a contender only in heavy weather—had to overtake three boats on a dying breeze down the stretch to become the surprise victor. The *Raider* crew—captained by an unemployed airline pilot named John Hokanson—also included a farmer, a law student and a pair of hands from Palmer Johnson, the boat's builders. They yipped and roared as soon as they crossed the line, for there was no need for slide rules and adjustment tables to figure out a winner.

"This even racing is the only way to go," *Foxy Lady's* Skip Boston said later. "Five years from now everyone is going to wonder why in hell we didn't do this sort of thing before."

The father of all this—the sport of bumping about in small cruising boats on big oceans and lakes—is Patrick Ellam, one of those fabled Englishmen who does not know when to come in out of the sun. Ellam is a veteran of the Dunkirk evacuation whose insatiable curiosity once led him to answer an advertisement for army officers who spoke French fluently. When he woke up, as he describes it, he found himself dangling from a parachute over enemy lines. Ellam will give you an Alec Guinness stare with two blue eyes, only one of which is good, and tell you blandly how his professor in safe-blowing, who had graduated from a British prison, used to insist, "Not too much or it'll blow the box to smithereens, not too little or the bang will bring the polders and won't open the door."

Having survived several jumps and lots of jolly close calls, Ellam finally wound down his war and got back to sailing. At that time he owned, and still owns,

a tiny, cabinless, souped-up sailing canoe with which he used regularly to crisscross the English Channel in weather that astonished even stiff-lipped British tars. It was this little boat, named *Thera*, that gave Ellam the idea for a kind of boat, a different boat, that would foster a new breed of sailor and a new brand of sailing.

What he eventually ordered was a 19-foot Cockleshell type of boat, which he named the *Sopranos*, after the smallest wind instrument in music. "I wanted a boat that would be inexpensive to build," Ellam says, "and one that you could race like an open dinghy, yet also cruise and race in relative comfort anywhere you pleased. Furthermore, because she was so small, you could keep her in your backyard on a trailer." *Sopranos* looked like a miniature submarine and was so small that Ellam could practically wear her like a pair of pants. Having donned his boat, he could stand on her keel with her deck at waistline level and practically touch the water to port and starboard. Yet down below she was a veritable space capsule, with a pair of bunks, chart table, lockers and even a two-burner stove.

For a while Ellam was content to play with *Sopranos*, racing her to various Channel ports, and then across the wild Bay of Biscay to Spain. He also formed a club, called the Junior Offshore Group, for like-thinking wildmen, but he came to realize that the best way to advance *Sopranos's* qualities was with a spectacular feat. So he signed on a fellow named Colin Mudie, who specialized in long-distance endeavors, and they took off from England for Barbados, 3,500 miles away.

Mudie was later to fail in an attempt to cross the Atlantic by balloon, but this time he and Ellam made it in the *Sopranos*. It was the smallest racing-cruising sailboat ever to complete such a voyage. Wrote Ellam of the accomplishment: "We had opened up the possibility, for thousands of young people who cannot afford to buy or run large seagoing boats, of owning their own little boats in which they can go out onto the wide seas away from the artificial surroundings of modern life and learn the many things that such an experience has to teach."

Today manufacturers are turning out small descendants of *Sopranos* like cookies, and the number of those in-

terested in the sort of pursuits Ellam espoused seems to be doubling every year. Appropriately, Ellam was on hand himself in Milwaukee for the first truly national half- and quarter-ton championships, and the half-ton division award that *Raider* won was named the *Sopranos* Trophy.

The nonstop schedule called for five races in each division. The competition was fierce, for the regatta's big-bore caliber promised sail and boat sales for the winners. As a result, there were almost as many pro sailors in Milwaukee as there are brewers. The professionals earned their keep, for the Midwest was freezing beneath the coldest summer spell in years, and particularly at night the cold bit hard on the men in the little boats. "I kept doing this," said *Tiger Moth's* Fred Bremen, piling one hand on top of the other and pressing down on his knee, "but nothing I could do would make my damn leg stop shaking."

"Well, if we are indeed pros," said Designer Bob Finch, "then there isn't enough money in the world to pay us fairly for what we endured out there last night."

But if the crewmen worked like professionals, they lived like gypsies. Twenty-eight-year-old Lee Creekmore, with a Ben Turpin mustache and gold-rimmed granny glasses, rode up from Miami to Wisconsin in a rental truck, with the boat he designed, *Tiger Moth*, astern on a trailer. He and his crew rigged up a pair of huge pipes to siphon air into the back of the truck to cool sleepers cooped in hammocks. When they reached Milwaukee two crewmen moved aboard the *Moth* and two stayed in the truck, but Bremen chickened out to take accommodations in a nearby hotel.

Other crews lived in everything from a Volkswagen bus to borrowed rooms to the cramped cabins of their tiny boats. It was a far cry from the luxury dished out to the crews, pro or amateur, by the owners of big gold-plateders. But then, so much of it was a new experience, with boats that seemed no more alike than sharks and porpoises battling each other, only lengths apart, all the way to the finish line. It all pleased Ellam. It showed that although boats and gear may change, the old *Sopranos* spirit remains intact in the people who sail midget boats on the mighty lakes and oceans. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NERD RUBINSTEIN

While some people had trouble trying to peer over the swell (above), Patrick Ellam, who inspired the races, finds a higher vantage. At Muskegon, "Raider" turns toward home.

¡MARATHON SÍ, BASKETBALL NO!

The U.S. men won 18 of 22 track and field gold medals at the Pan-Am Games, including an unprecedented 10,000-meter-marathon double by Frank Shorter, but the basketball team was the victim of a close shave **by PAT PUTNAM**

For Frank Shorter, the marathon was to be no more than an enjoyable 26-mile romp through the ancient streets of Cali, Colombia, with his close friend Ken Moore, the United States' premier marathoner. Shorter had already won a gold medal in the Pan-American Games, running through a howl of Colombian boos and a hail of wadded paper cups to take the 10,000 meters, and he was content. That is, as content as a resident of the squalid Pan-Am village could be. The U.S. officials, of course, were comfortably quartered in the plush Intercontinental Hotel.

By nature what Bertrand Russell would call a clear thinker and not one to issue flamboyant statements, Shorter stood the village as long as he could and then exploded. "Someday I would like to organize the athletes and demand that the officials live in the same facilities as the athletes. Here, they don't even come over to the village. They have little walkie-talkies, and their orders issue forth from their tower of elitism. 'Headquarters to village. Headquarters to village.' " Or as Bouncy Moore, the U.S. long jumper, expressed it, "The word comes down from the ivory towers to the place of the cold showers."

A typical room at the village had six bunk beds with mattresses that were no more than slabs of foam rubber laid on wooden planks, no hot water and open-air toilets that were even money to back up. One night the U.S. girls were chased out of their dorm by an army of rats. All of the dorms had open corridors overlooking the courtyard, which most of the 4,000 athletes quickly discovered made an excellent garbage pail. The combination of a hot day and a strong breeze was murder.

There was a lot of grumbling from the athletes, but none was aimed at the Colombians, who were warm and generous hosts. For the last six months their country has been plagued by more rain than it has had in the last 10 years, caus-

ing damaging floods and wiping out any possibility of the use of concrete in construction. And the food was good, hot and more than plentiful. Even the weight men were happy about the mess halls, which is a world record.

"It's a big production and all, a lot of money in it, and the Colombians are trying as hard as they can," said Ralph Mann, the world record holder in the 440-yard hurdles (48.8) who cut short a tour of Europe to compete in Cali. "But when you think about the Pan-Am Games, it still comes down to getting on the starting line with a bunch of 53-second guys. I must be stupid to have come back. But I guess a lot of us are stupid. What gets me is that people think coming here is glamorous. And they get tired off when we complain. There are a lot of guys here who gave up a lot to compete. We may be celebrities, but we sure have to pay for it."

While Mann, who went on to win his event, was having his problems getting up for second-rate competition, the U.S. basketball team was finding itself on the other side of the fence. The competition, mostly meaning Cuba, was proving too much to handle. In its division, the U.S. lost to Cuba by four points, beat Brazil by two points and walloped little Surinam by, well, 80 points. With only two teams in each division moving to the finals, for the U.S. everything came down to last week's game between Cuba and Brazil. If Cuba won, then it and the U.S. would move to the finals. But if Brazil won, that would make it a three-way tie, and they would add up the point differences in each game, low points out. U.S. Assistant Coach John Bach said he hoped the Cubans and the Brazilians had never heard of that old American game known as the fix.

On the point scale the only way the U.S. could be eliminated was for Cuba to lose to Brazil by five or less points. "And if they do try to cut it that close they could job themselves out of the

finals," said Bach. "I just hope they don't call the New York gamblers and ask them how it's done."

Ha! With 2:47 left to play, the Brazilians led by 13. But from then until the final buzzer, they took only three shots, coming close on none. And they began to lose the ball on steals. And Cuba started to score. With 10 seconds remaining, Cuba's Alejandro Urgelles Guilbot made two foul shots, and Cuba had lost—by five points. The Cuban and Brazilian players embraced and danced around the court. Without a scorecard, you couldn't tell the winners from the losers. When questioned about the strangeness of his team's play in the closing minutes, the Brazilian coach smiled and said, yes, he thought the U.S. team was much stronger than Cuba, and, double yes, he was tickled to death that it was Cuba his team would be facing again in the final round.

Meanwhile, Shorter and Moore managed to endure two days at the village before fleeing to the apartment of friends. "That first night was unbelievable," said Miler Marty Liquori. "About dawn everybody was so exhausted from trying to sleep through the bedlam, we were ready to fall off no matter what happened. Then this big thing starts flying around the room. It was an animal. It was too big to be called a bug. I was scared to death it was going to fly down and carry me off. Thank God for Shorter. He got up and killed it with a track shoe. He should take it home and have it mounted."

That done, Shorter put his mind on the 10,000, the first running event of the games. At the three-mile point, Colombia's Alvaro Mejia, Boston Marathon winner, made a move to pass Shorter, tried to cut in too soon and got a sharp elbow in his ribs.

As Mejia dropped back, the crowd booed and threw paper cups. "It was a bad thing for them to do," said Shorter. "I didn't like it, but I got a kick out

of it. That anyone would feel that strongly about me either way is flattering."

The next time Shorter passed the spot where he had nailed Mejia, he yelled at an official. "I just wanted to let him know a guy needed a step before he could cut you off, and that Mejia didn't have it," he explained. "Every time I passed him I kept yelling, 'International Rules of Competition No. 31 says you have to have a step.'"

The marathon began under a hot afternoon sun. Halfway through the race, Shorter, who had been flirting with dysentery all week, discovered he had to go to the bathroom. "And I'm proud of myself," he said later, "because I did it discreetly. I looked around for the right place for nearly 10 minutes. I saw a truck, but I didn't do it there because I figured everyone would follow me. Then I ran past a billboard. Finally, I just dove down into a little ditch. There were two people there, but they were men."

When Shorter disappeared into the ditch, Moore figured he was through. "When he stopped," Moore said, "he told me to go on, that it hurt too much. He said, 'I'll see you in the stadium.' Then about a mile and a half later this figure comes up alongside and says, 'Boo! Hi, Kenny, I'm back.' And here's this fresh grinning face. He said, 'I feel great, really ready to run.' Mejia took one look at him and almost ran into a ditch."

"I tell you, it was cathartic," said Shorter. Later, he and Moore figured that he had to run at about a 4:40-mile pace to catch the leaders. "And he says, 'Come on, let's step it up,'" Moore recalled. "But he went a tick too fast. I told him and he slowed a little. But soon he was going a tick too fast again. I knew I'd never finish at that pace but, after asking him to slow a little three or four times, it was obvious I was holding him back and I told him to go on."

A few miles later the heat caught up with Moore. "I thought I was doing fine," he said. "I've never had heat prostration before. I didn't feel it coming, but all of a sudden it was like I was in a cocoon, just—smooch—this terrible heat sort of enveloping me. Some very perceptive ambulance driver wisely pulled me out of the race. Another half mile and I'd have fallen, and I'd have probably scared myself, and my wife, Bobbie, wouldn't have liked that."

Ahead, Shorter also was thinking of calling it a day. "I never thought I'd finish," he said. "I came around this bend at about 26 kilometers and I was ready to quit. But then I thought of the guy who had finished third in the Nationals and couldn't come to the Pan-Ams because I wanted to run in two races and I knew he'd be seed off if I didn't finish, and so I just kept going."

He kept going right into the stadium, the winner in 2:22:40, nearly four minutes ahead of Mexico's Gaspar José García, to become the first 10,000 meter-marathon double winner in Pan-Am history. Mejia finished fourth.

"And you know," said Moore, "I think it will be a long time before I stop dreaming about that grinning face coming up behind me." **END**



Frise Shorter, leading marathoners down a Cell street, won despite an unscheduled stop.

GRIM STRUGGLE WITH AN EQUINE KILLER

VEE, a mosquito-borne infection from South America, invaded Texas last month, threatening to devastate the U.S. horse industry. It was slowed by a serum first developed in 1943 from a dead jackass **by DAN LEVIN**



The 1971 Kentucky Derby was less than two weeks away when a U.S. Department of Agriculture employee rushed into the Hyattsville, Md. office of Dr. Richard Omohundro, assistant director of the USDA's Animal Health Division. "There's some South American horse waiting for clearance at the Miami airport," he said. "He's on his way to the Derby, but he hasn't got a health certificate."

"Well, he can't race without one," Omohundro said. "Have him put in quarantine and kept there." Fortunately for Canonero and the national pride of Venezuela, the certificate arrived shortly afterward and the horse was released in time to make his bid for immortality.

Early this summer another Venezuelan arrived in the U.S. by air, but this time there was no question of holding it at the airport. The second visitor came across the U.S.-Mexican border somewhere near Brownsville, Texas around the first of July, traveling by mosquito. Before this traveler was slowed down last week, more than 1,400 horses lay dead along the Texas Gulf Coast, and the \$12-billion U.S. horse industry was threatened with disaster.

By curious coincidence, the same man who nearly stopped Canonero—Richard Omohundro—also led the holding action against VEE, Venezuelan equine encephalomyelitis. In the second instance it took more than a phone call and the muscle of the Federal Government; before Omohundro would relax last week in his Houston motel room and discuss

the campaign at leisure, more than 4,000 persons in 11 states had been marshaled to battle the disease, over one million inoculations had been given, six states had been slapped with a federal horse quarantine and race commissions and tracks from New York to Tijuana were slamming their stable doors to incoming horses from the endangered areas. In Ireland, England, France, Italy and West Germany, governments issued a total embargo on U.S. horses for an indefinite period.

VEE, sometimes called the blind staggers for the debilitating effect it has on horses, kills four out of every five animals it infects. It is an entirely new strain to this country, although, since 1936, it has drifted north from Venezuela through Central America. Other strains of equine sleeping sicknesses have appeared sporadically in the U.S., the most recent serious case being the 1959 epizootic that resulted in the death of 21 persons and 52 horses in New Jersey.

On July 9 the first two VEE horse fatalities in U.S. history were confirmed at Brownsville. Within two weeks perhaps 1,100 horses had died in the same area, and the disease appeared out of control and heading north, east and west simultaneously. It would have been better drama if Dr. Omohundro had entered at this point, grappled with the dread microbe and, after a bunch of sleepless nights and grueling days, saved the equine from extinction on this continent. Actually it wasn't quite like that.

Omohundro, at 56 a balding, down-home version of Robert Mitchum, had had his eye on VEE for some time. And what he saw as early as mid-May was an estimated 6,000 Mexican horses dead of VEE (another estimate said the number was closer to 12,000), some as near as 250 miles from the Texas border.

Reports of hysteria were reaching Washington, and not all of them were coming from south of the border, Texas ranchers were watching VEE even closer than Washington, and their message was clear. Do something, fast. But Washington couldn't declare a national emergency until the disease crossed the border. Although earlier cooperative efforts by U.S. officials to stem the spread of the disease in Mexico were now intensified, certain international amenities still had to be observed. "We couldn't just march down and say this is what we're going to do," Omohundro said. "That just wouldn't be right."

By June, 12 cases of VEE were confirmed only 100 or so miles from Texas, and the USDA sent down veterinarians to help. Vaccinations were begun, but the Mexican government required one of its vets to accompany each American, and a job that cried for speed was creeping along. Many Mexicans with still healthy horses were afraid of the vaccine, called TC-83, which uses live VEE virus. The first serum was developed from the brains of a dead jackass in Trinidad 28 years ago. The vaccine was listed as experimental, and many farmers feared it would cause VEE, rather than

prevent it. About this time it began to rain hard, and now the carrier mosquitoes had thousands of new breeding spots, and the threat to U.S. areas grew measurably. On June 18 the USDA banned all Mexican horses from entering this country, and a few days later U.S. forces retreated north of the border to Harlingen, Texas, 20 miles from the marshy, mosquito-rich Gulf shore.

At this point Omohundro was still in Hyattsville, coordinating. Government personnel from all over the country in and out of Harlingen. Veterinarians and technicians came from Washington; the U.S. Public Health Service sent virologists and entomologists; Air Force spray planes flew in, and within Texas the Department of Health and the Animal Health Commission supplied help. The entomologists began studying mosquito populations, but there was debate on when and where to spray. Vaccine was

distributed to veterinarians in 13 South Texas counties, but its use was voluntary, and too few horse owners took advantage of it. Others, like the giant King Ranch 100 miles north of Brownsville, began immediate vaccination. "We were the first," said the ranch veterinarian. More than 2,000 animals were inoculated there, and no illness was reported.

Then, sometime late in the last week of June, VEE entered the United States. On July 11, two days after Texas' first two horse deaths from VEE were confirmed, there were 44 suspicious cases in four Texas counties, Cameron, Hidalgo and Starr, at the border, and Aransas, 135 miles and six counties north of it.

The symptoms were all similar, and all ghastly. Within two to three days of infection the animal's temperature soars to 103°-106°. The horse becomes listless and depressed. Soon the blind stag-

gers set in, and the horse stumbles about in circles or stands helplessly, often cross-legged. Within six to eight days, death occurs in 80% of the cases. Fortunately, human symptoms are milder, resembling influenza, and other nonequines seem immune. No human fatalities from VEE have been reported in the U.S.

Some officials blamed the erratic spread of the disease on hysteria. In Brownsville, panicky horse owners were seen loading their animals in trucks and heading north. "They thought they were escaping," said one vet, "but the horses were already infected, and they were just spreading it."

Dr. Gary Crouch, the Brownsville veterinarian who diagnosed the first U.S. cases, spoke of driving down a nearby road in the second week of July and seeing nine dead horses on the shoulder in one three-quarter-mile stretch. "They were dying all over the place," he said.

continued



Equipment from the Texas Highway Department removes the carcass of a horse that died near the Mexican border at height of the plague.



Dr. Omohundro (standing at right) confers with his staff in their Houston motel headquarters.

"One man lost 12. The woman next door lost five out of six."

"We're unable to assess the number of dead," said Dr. Pernan Henry, federal coordinator at Harlingen, at the height of the epizootic. "I guess we've lost this battle, but we haven't lost the war." And the fight raged on.

On July 14 the USDA placed a federal quarantine on Texas. No horses or other equines would be allowed out of the state unless vaccinated at least 14 days prior to shipment. To this point VEE had been moving considerably faster than the wheels of the various bureaucracy seeking to contain it, and many Texans were critical of USDA efforts. By mid-July, when VEE was known to have been in this country for less than two weeks, Omohundro requested that Secretary of Agriculture Clifford M. Hardin declare a national emergency. Next day, Hardin agreed.

The move was made, said Hardin's statement. "... to control and eradicate the disease wherever found," and in effect the campaign got a blank check to meet the emergency. The first step was to establish an east-west cordon sanitaire of vaccinated horses across Texas. Meantime, intensive spraying was begun and the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and New Mexico shortly were added to the federal quarantine. A sixth state, Mississippi, was included later.

On July 18 Omohundro canceled a two-week family camping trip to Nova Scotia and flew to Texas to coordinate an anti-VEE task force of 80 men and women from 23 states that began moving into the sprawling Field Inn North motel outside Houston. Omohundro's defensive strategy depended on three weapons: the quarantines already imposed, mosquito spraying and vaccinations. He appointed men to administer

each, and the USDA team went on 24-hour call, seven days a week.

To evaluate the effectiveness of their campaign, Omohundro's men tried to determine how many horses VEE was killing in Texas each day. But that proved impossible. To detect the presence of VEE, blood and tissue samples have to be taken while the horse is still alive or within half an hour after death. Otherwise the tests are inconclusive. Unfortunately, horse owners were seldom anxious to keep a dead horse around, or to call in a vet immediately after one had died. Many animals were simply buried, quickly, and so Omohundro's diagnosticians had to depend on luck or some rancher's inspiration. One call lured scientists on a two-hour drive at the end of which they found a horse that had been killed by a truck. Others were easier to find, but not all owners were cooperative. One Port Isabel rancher lost 30 head and was obviously miffed by the official inquiries. "All they can do is drive up and down the road asking how many dead horses have you got," he said. "I told one of 'em he should ask how many *live* horses I've got. I told him if another man asks me how many dead horses I have I'm going to whip him."

Texas politicians and newspapers were displaying some of the same impatience. U.S. Representative Eligio de la Garza said he had tried to get the USDA to fight the disease in June, before it reached Texas. And the Houston papers asked why the vaccinating wasn't started before the epizootic began. Dr. Omohundro responded to such questions succinctly. "I didn't make the decision when to start this program," he says. "I was just sent here to do a job."

One day after the Houston operation began, mosquito control planes were starting the largest aerial spraying operation in history. It covered the entire Texas coastline, part of Louisiana and a 130-mile stretch up the Rio Grande River, about eight million acres of potential mosquito breeding spots altogether. On the ground, meanwhile, a team of 26 entomologists was making mosquito counts—one of the methods was to walk into a swamp area (without benefit of insect repellent or special protective clothing) and see how many mosquitoes landed on you in two minutes. Only nine of the 26 men had been vac-

inated against VEE. "We're not trying to kill all the mosquitoes," explained the chief entomologist at Houston, Dr. Robert Hoffman. "We're just buying time until they get 90% of the horses in Texas vaccinated."

It seemed a straightforward task, if not a simple one. Early estimates had put the number of horses there at 450,000, but it was soon apparent that someone had miscalculated. By the first week of this month Omohundro's men had already vaccinated 548,000 head, meaning the state had a phantom horse population of 100,000 or more. The trouble was statistical, of course. The last horse census taken in Texas was in 1960, and since then, as in most states, the horse population has more than doubled. At one point, therefore, Houston was estimating the figure to be more than a million, but later it was dropped to 700,000. And by this week the 90% vaccination level had been passed.

Another mystery is just how many horses have actually died of VEE. Statisticians were estimating that 1,957 horses became ill from all causes during the critical period, and that 1,411 had died—again from all causes, including other illnesses, as well as accidents and old age. Nobody will ever know how many of them died from VEE, but certainly the toll was heavy. All anyone will say for sure is that the death rate has dropped sharply since Aug. 1. "I hope one thing that comes out of this emergency is a good disease-reporting system," Omohundro commented.

Nobody outside of Texas, apparently, is taking any chances that VEE might leap suddenly to a new state, or even across the Atlantic. Quarantines by race-tracks across the country are still in effect for unvaccinated horses from the critical areas, and the European embargoes are as stringent as ever. In New York, Roosevelt Raceway's prestigious International Trot this month may have to be canceled because European owners, especially the French, are reluctant to send over horses and have them stranded here because of the embargoes in their own countries. "The ban will remain until it is absolutely clear there is no further danger," said one British authority. France may continue its quarantine indefinitely. In previous epizootics, some nations have kept their bans in effect for as long as two years after the last reported case.

Things are relatively calm at the Field Inn North this week. Most of the office lights have been going off around six, and Dr. Omohundro even managed a round of golf one morning. The phones still ring constantly during the days, and the Houston radio and TV stations continue to call, but they aren't getting any more lead stories. Dr. Omohundro is busy writing letters of commendation to members of the motel staff, his secretaries, just about everyone who's helped out in any way over the past month. He speaks matter-of-factly about what has been accomplished in Houston, but when someone asked him what would have happened if VEE had just been allowed to run its course,

he stood up and slapped his palm to his forehead.

"Without a program there would have been utter chaos in this country's horse industry," he said. "I've been in this business 34 years, and I've never seen anything that stirred people up so emotionally as this." One of his field-men told Omohundro of an incident during this plague that summarized the tragic toll VEE has exacted from the horse owners of Texas. He had just returned from Corpus Christi, where he had talked with a girl whose horse had died. He asked her how much the horse was worth. "Do you mean how much did we pay for him," she asked, "or how much was he worth?" **EWB**



Victor Norman bows his head in sorrow as veterinarian prepares to put his horse to sleep.

IT'S HOW YOU PLAYED THE GAME

The way Tommy Prothro of the Rams figures it, winning isn't everything, and it's a long, long way from August to December, so why get upset about a preseason defeat at the hands of the Dallas Cowboys **by TEX MAULE**

The Los Angeles Rams lost an exhibition game last weekend to the Dallas Cowboys 45-21, which one might assume would leave Ram Coach Tommy Prothro more than a shade upset. He is not accustomed to losing exhibition games. But then he is not terribly accustomed to winning them, either, since he just came over to the pros from UCLA and this was the second one he had ever been involved in. So Prothro took it all with an equanimity rare in his profession. "I don't mind losing so much, even though I like to win," he said. "Of course, I was disappointed because we didn't hit as hard as I thought we would, and the Cowboys moved the ball pretty well when our better boys were playing."

The Rams had not lost their first home exhibition game since 1963; George Allen, who now coaches the Washington Redskins, played every game for blood. Prothro, on the other hand, is playing right now for experience—his own and his team's—and therefore appears to be treating the exhibitions as, well, exhibitions. Following the game, which was played before a crowd of 87,187 in the Los Angeles Coliseum, he was quiet but not particularly downcast. While Cowboy Coach Tom Landry is tuning and polishing a proven machine, Prothro is overhauling the whole engine.

"I think Tommy is deliberately over-emphasizing offense and the big play," Landry said after the game. "He has a lot of rebuilding to do, so he has to give his new people a lot of playing time. He has been in coaching long enough, though, to know the name of the game is defense."

That has been the rock on which the Cowboy success has been built, but Prothro, even with second-string Quarterback Karl Sweetan calling most of the shots, managed to bring off a couple of big plays. Roman Gabriel lofted a 67-yard scoring pass to Jack Snow in the first quarter, and Snow caught a 49-yard touchdown pass from Sweetan in the third. The teams were much more evenly

matched than the score indicated. Los Angeles actually having a 383-366 edge in offensive yardage. What undid the Rams were a blocked punt and three interceptions, all of which led to Cowboy touchdowns. One of the interceptions was returned 102 yards by Mark Washington.

The huge crowd saw more Ram rookies in this game than they had seen in all the five years that Allen coached the

club. Allen regards rookies as something to be traded if possible, but if not, Prothro looks on them more kindly, much to the delight of the Ram scouting staff. Said Assistant General Manager Johnny Sanders, "Under Allen the only time we saw the rookies was in the halls at the dorm in camp."

The rookies made their share of errors, but the veterans were not putting



Scoreboard wishes Coach Prothro luck in new job. With nine starters gone, he needs it.

it together, either. Lance Rentzel, whom Los Angeles acquired from the Cowboys, was open several times only to be victimized by bad passes. "We just haven't worked together enough," he said. "It will come with time. I was breaking through the zones too fast, I guess. We've had that trouble in practice."

Prothro, who had promised that Suckatan would play most of the game, left him in despite the interceptions. Prothro had a schedule of playing time for each Ram and stuck with it, regardless of what was happening on the field. "If the ball isn't tipped by a defensive lineman, interceptions are the fault of the passer," he said after the game. "There may be extenuating circumstances, like a big rush or a bad pattern, but essentially the passer threw the ball to the other fellow."

Dallas played well, with Craig Morton completing 10 of 14 passes and Roger Staubach nine of 18. Calvin Hill ran with his old speed and abandon (see cover), picking up 55 yards in 12 carries and scoring two touchdowns. Hill regained his position when the enigmatic Duane Thomas was traded to the New England Patriots (a deal that was subsequently nullified). "I feel like Hubert Humphrey when Lyndon Johnson decided not to run," Hill was quoted as saying. He doesn't look anything like HHH, though. Hill now weighs 233 pounds (up 15 from last year), stands 6' 3½" (up ¼") and can run the 40 in 4.7. When Landry had his frontline troops on the field, the Cowboys looked to be the Super Bowl finalists they are. There are a few changes on this club—most notably, Lance Alworth made his debut in a Dallas uniform, pulling in three passes—and a few are all that are needed.

Prothro, on the other hand, has already lost or disposed of 16 members of the 40-man squad which finished the 1970 season, nine of them starters. Latest to go was 33-year-old Defensive Back Richie Petitbon, who was traded to Washington. "I guess George Allen has more confidence in him at this stage of his career than I do," said Prothro.

A big, slow-moving man who still speaks with the soft accent of his native Tennessee, Prothro is showing a signal disregard for many of the tenets of the pro game. He has abolished the curfew, a hallowed tradition in NFL camps, where rookies and veterans alike are expected to go beddy bye at 11 p.m. and are subject

to fines if they miss periodic bed checks.

"These are grown men," said Prothro. "I didn't have bed checks at UCLA, and these people are more mature than college kids. Besides, bed checks don't do any good. You could put a guard outside every door in the dorm and, if a man wanted to get out, he'd get out. I remember when I was in Tennessee, a retired coach who was an alcoholic was supposed to make a talk at a Quarterback Club meeting, and they escorted him from the plane to the hotel, unpecked his bags for him and left a guy outside his door to make sure he didn't get anything to drink. Two hours later, when they came to take him to the dinner, he was dead drunk on the floor."

So far, despite the doubts of some veteran front-office personnel, only one or two of the players have betrayed Prothro's trust. One stayed out until the wee hours of the morning and suffered through the subsequent practices with a blinding hangover; Prothro talked to him quietly about it but levied no punishment. "I just wanted to let him know I knew about it," Prothro said. "Shucks, I can't get too upset about it if it doesn't happen too often. I don't think it does that much damage, really."

Even more at variance with accepted pro football procedure is Prothro's cavalier attitude toward the game plan, a strategic formula that coaches arrive at by exhaustive, minute examination of moves of their opponent in action, and which they would no more do without than their pay checks. Before the Rams' opening exhibition with the Houston Oilers, which Los Angeles won 17-6, and before this game, Prothro ignored the films, "I want to get this ball club ready for the season," he explained. "I can't afford to spend a whole week just getting ready for Houston or Dallas. I told the players if they wanted to look at movies, the film would be available, but no member of the coaching staff would look at it with them."

When the season starts, Prothro will work up a game plan, but he is not enthusiastic about it. "I told my assistants I want them to work out as logical a plan as they can and try to figure out everything that can happen," he said. "But I told them that game plans can get messed up pretty quick and you can't depend on them that much. I mean when you're up to your butt in alligators, it doesn't do any good to remember that what you

meant to do was drain the swamp."

Prothro, who is a life master at bridge, extraordinarily good at any card game and a capable chess player, is much more of a gambler than Allen, a perfectionist whose philosophy is based on avoiding mistakes. "I can play poker all night and watch one man win half the pots and wind up with more money just winning a few big ones," said Prothro.

"It's a lot different this year," said Gabriel. "George was a defensive coach. I'm not saying that to criticize him, because he was a great coach. But Coach Prothro is more interested in the offense. He spends a lot of time personally working with the receivers. His whole idea is different. For instance, say it's third and five. George would want you to hit a receiver five yards downfield. Coach Prothro would just as soon gamble on hitting one 50 yards downfield. And he doesn't mind throwing into the strength of a defense."

Gabriel, a very good long passer, looks forward to the new accent on offense. "It should be more fun," he said. "And another thing, this is a very relaxed camp. Coach Prothro has made it clear that he isn't that concerned with winning exhibitions. He wants to win when it counts. In the last few years two things have been wrong with the Rams near the end of the season. First, we were mentally dull from the tension which used to start with the first exhibition game. Second, we had injuries, and I think the injuries come when you get mentally tired."

Curiously, some of the players who complained about Allen's insistence on winning every game, including exhibitions, are finding it hard to adjust to Prothro's philosophy. "The same guys who cried about the pressure are crying about the lack of it now," said Gabriel. "But I think it will pay off in the long run."

"I'm not worried about impressing the public in August," said Prothro. "By the time the season ends in December they'll forget about games like this one. I hope the team doesn't lose confidence while we are experimenting, and I don't think they will. They have been very cooperative. I'd like to start the season with every one figuring us for last place and the team full of confidence."

By December, it is doubtful that Prothro will have to concern himself with alligators. **END**

Ballet off the Boards

Competitive diving is the high-bounding offspring of a marriage between art form and exact science. The sport is a combination of grace, precision, style, beauty and timing, fused into athletic and esthetic triumph, especially when executed by the likes of the lithe young women shown here and on the following pages. These girls, the best in the U.S., are all pointing for the 1972 Olympics in Munich and, with one outstanding exception, they are all of high school or college age. Diving is a disciplined and rigorous endeavor, as fully demanding as gymnastics or figure skating, two sports with which it is sometimes compared. Diving, however, seems to be happily free of petty jealousies and the disruptive presence of skating mothers. The girls genuinely help and encourage one another, and next week they compete for the joy of winning in the National Amateur Athletic Union outdoors meet in Houston.

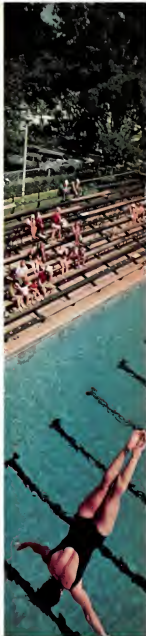
Pert and petite Cynthia Potter, 20, is the winner of nine national titles. A senior at Indiana University, she trains under Olympic Coach Hobie Billingsley. Five years ago she forsook ballet for diving full time because, she says, it was "more exciting to me."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEFFLER





The force of Debby Liptman (left) in platform diving (far left), at which she ranks second in U.S. Bikiniest Janet Ely (right) favors the long drop too. "I'm afraid That's why I like it. I'm overcoming fear," she says. Jerrie Adair (above and right, smiling) prefers the springboard. Plunging towards water (far right) is graceful Mike King, America's best all-round girl diver.





The Queen of the Divers Is King

by William F. Reed

U.S. Air Force Captain Maxine Joyce (Micki) King is only 27 but in the age-conscious world of competitive diving she is regarded as something of a relic; many of her younger rivals tease Micki by calling her Mother Max. They also tend to regard her with something close to reverence.

"I've been diving 17 years, and that's longer than some of these kids have lived," says Micki, with a motherly sigh. "I know that sometimes they look at me and wonder why that old lady is still diving." One reason is that Micki still enjoys doing inward 2½ somersault tucks and all the other "tricks," as she calls her dives. Another is that she is still the best female diver in the U.S.—perhaps in the entire world. She won the AAU indoor championship earlier this year at West Point, qualified in both springboard (three-meter) and platform (10-meter) for the Pan-American Games and is favored to win her third straight AAU outdoors championship next week at Houston. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, Micki wants to win an Olympic gold medal.

In 1968 in Mexico City, with only two dives left, Micki seemed to have a comfortable lead and a gold medal in the three-meter. All she needed were average scores on her remaining dives. (Diving is scored by a supposedly impartial panel of judges who, on each dive, award from one to 10 points; these, in turn, are multiplied by a degree-of-difficulty factor. The judging is based on execution and form, and seven is considered a good score on any given dive.)

"My last dive is always my bread-and-butter dive," Micki says, "so I felt that if I could be at least tied for the lead going into the last one, I'd win it. I knew the next to last dive, a reverse 1½ layout, was the crucial dive. I've won meets on it, but it's very easy to miss. When I climbed up on the board I was nervous, but in a positive way."

Arms rigid, toes curled, Micki King is a study in concentration in a backdive pike.

Before the Olympics, Micki had spent hundreds of hours working on the reverse 1½ layout. "Supposedly you work out enough to perfect it," she says, "but this time, when I went off the board, I knew it was too fast. I knew I would rotate too fast. I had to adjust in the air to keep from missing the dive completely. In order to slow the dive down I had to put my arms in the air early to elongate myself and to slow the rotation." But when Micki put out her arms she felt a sharp pain in her left forearm. She had hit the board. "The thud was so loud it echoed through the whole building," she recalls. "I don't see how anyone could have kept from hearing it. I can still hear it now, and it makes me sick."

But somehow only two of the seven judges and few of her fellow competitors knew that Micki had hit the board. "So I decided to fake-it-make-it," she says. "When I landed in the water I knew I was hurt. I felt very faint and cold and I went into a mild form of shock. But I tried to act like everything was O.K." The scores ranged from 4½ to 7. Micki was now in second place but still in contention.

Her coach, Dick Kimball of the University of Michigan, pulled Micki out of the pool and led her behind a curtain, where she was given smelling salts and ice was applied to the cut on her forearm. She had less than 10 minutes before the last dive, a difficult reverse 1½ with 1½ twists. Later, when it was learned that one of the bones in Micki's forearm, the ulna, was broken, her doctor told her that she should not have been allowed to make her last dive. "But I never had any thoughts of scratching," says Micki.

Because of the pain, her final dive was a disaster. Instead of winning the gold medal she finished fourth, with no medal at all. "My immediate reaction was anger at myself for blowing it," she says. "The disappointment didn't hit me until the next day, when I saw the American flag go up at one of the presentation ceremonies." At first the press and fans thought Micki had choked. It wasn't until late the following day when she showed up with a cast on her arm that her

misfortune became public knowledge.

Micki wore her cast 108 days, and by the time she had returned home and settled back in her job she had decided to retire from competitive diving. "But as fate would have it," she says, "the 1969 indoor nationals were at Long Beach, only 23 miles from my apartment in Hermosa Beach. I went as a spectator for the first time in eight years or so, and sitting and watching was the hardest thing I had ever done in my life. After that I talked to Dick Kimball and he said, 'If you feel that way maybe there's some diving left in you.' So I proceeded to call the sports office at Randolph Air Force Base in Texas and they said it was great that I wanted to dive again. They also said they would arrange for me to compete in the World Military Games in Pescara, Italy."

With that meet, in June 1969, Micki's comeback began. She was the first woman ever to compete against men in the military swimming and diving championships, and she finished fourth in springboard and third in platform. "I was amazed at how quickly everything came back," she says. "I even had to learn two new dives that normally are done only by men."

A self-confessed tomboy while growing up in Pontiac, Mich., Micki began diving at the age of 10. Her first formal meet was at the Toledo, Ohio YMCA when she was 15. "I had never seen any girl divers before," says Micki. "I won, but I wasn't cocky because I knew I had a lot to learn. I didn't even know the names of the dives I did."

Her mother wanted Micki to become a figure skater. "I tried it for a while," she says, "but I didn't like the routine. I still can't understand why I got bored with the routines of figure skating but not with those of diving." She enrolled at Michigan in 1962 and became a star goalie in water polo, making All-American in 1962-63. She also began diving for Kimball. "She wasn't very good at first," he recalls, "but I knew she was a good athlete. She dives like a man."

Micki first tried platform diving, which is the scariest experience in the sport, at

continued

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Ballet

the end of her freshman year. "I would like to know what makes people jump," she says. "A lot don't at first, you know. They stand there on the edge and finally walk away. Height is the big psychological thing that scares people off. When you hit the water after jumping off the tower, you're going about 40 miles an hour. Sometimes you hit with such force that your shoulders and upper arms turn black and blue. I was scared for three years."

In 1964 Micks became the first woman ever to do a back $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersault with $2\frac{1}{2}$ twists, a tower dive that has since become fairly common. The next year she won her first AAU indoor platform championship. In 1966 Micks pioneered another dive—the reverse $1\frac{1}{2}$ somersault with $2\frac{1}{2}$ twists off the springboard. She also joined the Air Force.

"I wanted something different from the ordinary," says Micks, sounding vaguely like a recruiting spiel. "The Air Force was a chance to have a career and continue diving at the same time. This was something I couldn't find in civilian life."

In November 1966 she was graduated from Officer Training School and commissioned a 2nd lieutenant. Her first assignment after OTS was with the ROTC detachment at Michigan, where she was stationed from 1966 to 1968. This was convenient as she was able to train for the Olympics with Kimball. Now Micks is based at the Los Angeles Air Force Station, where she is in charge of non-appropriated funds. It is an 8-to-5 job in which she oversees the spending of some \$12,000 each quarter for athletic equipment and other material not accounted for in the base's budget. She dives on her own time, making the 46-mile round trip from Hermosa Beach ("Most of my neighbors think I'm a meter maid," she says) to the Belmont Plaza pool in Long Beach each evening after work.

"People are under the impression that all I do in the Air Force is dive or play in the damned gym," she says. "I get annoyed because I do have a responsible, full-time job. All I ask of the Air Force is that they give me time off to work out before international meets, which they do."

Micks was given an intangible but impressive reward after winning this year's AAU indoor title at West Point. The presentations were made by Colonel Frank

J. Kobes Jr. and, after handing Micki her medal, he stepped back and snapped off a salute. "The great thing was that the cadets were there and they knew what it meant to be saluted by a superior officer," she says. "They went wild, but I was sort of embarrassed."

Micki has a knack for getting into embarrassing situations. Once, after coming to New York to do some public-relations work for the Air Force, she was asked by one of her hosts, a fellow officer, if she would like to have dinner and attend the theater. "I thought that would be great," says Micki, "but when I said yes, he said, 'Good, here's cab fare and there will be one ticket waiting for you at the box office.' Then he decided that wouldn't be very gallant so he and another officer began to argue over which would have to take me. I finally told them just to give me a plane ticket home and forget it."

Then there was the time Micki put on a diving exhibition at Grossinger's, in the Catskills, and kept losing the top of her suit. "Except," she says, "I wasn't worried because it was underwater and I had everything fixed by the time I came up to the surface. This happened on almost every dive but I didn't think anything about it until later, when I went into the game room and discovered that the pool had a big underwater window. All the time I had been putting on my suit and taking it off for those guys in the game room. A couple of them were playing Ping-Pong and I heard one say, 'Well, too bad that blonde stopped diving.' They laughed. I almost fainted."

Micki's present goal is to qualify for the '72 Olympics in both springboard and platform. That would give her two chances to win a gold medal. "I feel like I cheated myself in Mexico," she says. "That's the main reason I decided to come back. And, frankly, I believe I have an advantage over the kids because of my experience. Diving is not an endurance sport per se. It is a technique sport where the mechanics must be learned and overlearned. The only way to get consistency is through repetition, and the older you are the more repetition you have had. So I think an older person diving under the right conditions has an advantage."

In other words, kids, Mother Max isn't ready for the old divers' home quite yet.

END

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There he was—scourge of the Hawaiian seas,
a maverick among charter boat captains—
showing his subdued new personality in the
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BLACK BART AND THE MECHANICAL MARLIN

by **RICHARD W. JOHNSTON**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELDON & LONG





One stormy morning not long ago off Hawaii's Kona coast a tourist named Joseph J. Mulhern of Penadel, Pa. made the supreme sacrifice. Mulhern gave up the first billfish he had ever hooked to the Higher Cause of Science. And his sacrifice was equaled only by that of a charter boat captain named Bart Miller (St. Jan. 12, 1970), who had been commissioned to catch the fish—and had not managed to do it. Between them, and with the critical assistance of a third hero, Captain Peter Hoogs, Mulhern and Miller enabled the U.S. Government to invade the heretofore sacred privacy of a Pacific blue marlin.

This plot to bug one of our biggest billfishes originated with the National Science Foundation, which has nothing against marlin but is curious about their habits. Dr. Frank Hester, head of the Honolulu bureau of the National Marine Fisheries Service, drew the special mission, and turned to one of his most accomplished biologists, Henry Yuen, a Chinese fish detective who in 1969 Charlie-Chained a 15-inch skipjack tuna. Wiring a blue marlin for sound obviously posed a larger problem—possibly larger by 700 pounds and 10 or 12 feet.

Henry Yuen sagely concluded that no foreseeable marlin would be amiable enough to swallow a three-fourth-inch by six-inch plastic transmitter tube (the docile skipjack had gulped a smaller one). So he and his colleagues devised a curved, slotted dart that could be attached to a pole and, hopefully, thrust beneath the marlin's skin somewhat in the manner of a bullfight *banderillo*. The radio transmitter, attached to the dart by a nylon loop, would dangle outside and thus would not have to project its signal through about 100 pounds of marlin meat.

What the Fisheries Service needed now was a fish, and to get it Hester and Yuen chose the most controversial charter skipper in the wide Pacific, Black Bart. What attracted the NMFS was 1) that Bart Miller was back at Kona, after a year's absence, with a slick new boat; 2) that he holds the record of

eastward

THE NEW Bart Miller is beautiful, now he grows old only when he figures someone is not fighting a fish hard enough.

having boasted more marlin (100) in one year than any skipper on earth; 3) that in 1967 he won the Hawaiian International Billfish Tournament, boating seven marlin in five days of fishing; and, finally, 4) that he has an obsession for marlin comparable to Ahab's for *Moby Dick*—except that Miller doesn't want any one marlin. He wants them all.

"Bart is our man," Heeny Yuen said. "He will get us a marlin." As though to affirm Heeny's confidence, Miller took his new Bertram 38 *Christel* out on a maiden charter July 9 with a little bearded miss named Joyce Comprini as the angler. With some assistance from Black Bart, Joyce boated a fish almost eight times her weight—a 734-pound blue marlin.

The linkup of Captain Miller and the NMFS came on a sunny morning a few days later, when the fisheries ship *Charles H. Gilbert* arrived in Kailua harbor. Heeny Yuen gave Miller two of the darts attached to their respective implanting poles, and *Christel* and the *Gilbert* swept the offshore seas all day. No luck. The next morning, a disaster of a morning, washed with chilly gray rain willed to Kona by Hurricane Denise, the sacrificial passion play began. Captain Hoogs, running *Pamela* parallel to *Christel* along the 100-fathom line, suddenly got a strike—a big, jumping marlin, 600 or 700 pounds worth.

"I think we should put the dart in Peter's fish," Miller said. "The way the current's running, we might not get one." There were demurrers. Surely Mary Dean, the *Christel's* handsome blonde angler, would hook one of the putative rascals before the day was out. Black Bart (the real Black Bart) flashed angrily: "We're out here to do scientific research. That's more important than who catches the fish!" Miller got Hoogs on the radio and Hoogs got the consent of angler Mulhern, who was pretty busy fighting the marlin.

"I went 31 days once without a marlin," Bart Miller said to nobody in particular. "Zane Grey once went 92!"

Ten minutes later Miller brought *Christel* bow to bow with *Pamela* and an activated dart was handed over to Hoogs, a rangy, smiling young man who is one of Black Bart's few buddies among the Kona charter skippers. With Mulhern's consent, Hoogs began hand-ling

ing the marlin, and when the long blue back of the fish came in view he posed himself in the stern like one of the old harpooners of the Kona and Lahaina whaling days. As the fish came by—its dorsal fin and tail along the surface—Hoogs struck. The dart went in alongside the dorsal; perfect. A moment later the leader was cut and Secret Operative No. 601, blue marlin division, was on his way.

Nearby, on the lurking *Gilbert*, Heeny Yuen, armed with various sonar devices—a receiver, an oscilloscope, a transducer and a frequency counter among them—reported the big blue infomer coming in loud and clear.

"That was a very generous thing for Peter's angler to do," Captain Miller said, and so it was. But back at Kailua-Kona, the west Hawaii resort fishing village Black Bart shares with his fiancée, Lucina Alcain, a devoted and endearing girl of Filipino-Chinese parentage, 20-odd rival skippers, 365 locals, a handful of hippies and almost 400,000 tourists (a year), the amazement was not at angler Mulhern's generosity but at Black Bart's subjugation of his ego in the interest of science. "I never thought the sonofabitch would admit anybody else had caught a fish," said one grudging detractor. "A really great thing to do," said an admirer. "Cop out," growled an unreconstructed critic.

Why should a 36-year-old fisherman, 5' 8", weighing 165 pounds, curly-haired and clear-eyed, with an expression of innocence that would make a fawn look like a fast buck, elicit such violent and contrary opinions? Well, Bart Miller has done a lot of bad things. Winning the Captain's Award in the billfish tournament just three years after he got his license was bad enough—but beating the year's catch of the late and beloved Henry Chee (83 fish) was really outrageous. Henry Chee was the Babe Ruth of Hawaiian marlin fishing. Breaking his record didn't make Black Bart a hero—it made him a Roger Marns with several asterisks.

Worst of all, Miller is constantly displaying those vices which in pioneer America were erroneously thought to be virtues. He is fiercely independent, for one thing, and scorns membership in the Kona Charter Skippers' Association, whose affiliates are subject to a



rotation system. He refuses to limit himself to an eight-hour fishing day (8 a.m. to 4 p.m.) and has fought enough fish far enough into the darkness to earn the additional nickname Captain Midnight. Even his personal habits are calculated to annoy any right-thinking seafarer; he doesn't smoke or chase girls and what he drinks is (gulp) carrot juice.

Actually, no one disputes that Bart studied hard and worked endless hours to master his trade—a trade he discovered less than 10 years ago. But several of his rivals call him an ingrate: "Bart's all take and no give," says one. "He was helped by many people when he was just learning and he's kicked everybody in the face who helped him." None of Miller's critics is willing to be quoted by name, but another says: "He's completely selfish . . . all he wants is a big marlin, and he just isn't interested in the wishes of his charter party."

Miller, on the contrary, sees himself as something of a character builder. He says, "Sure I'm tough, but only with people who don't want to fight the fish after we've hooked up. I had this couple some years ago—a big, soft, mainland broker with a real loud mouth. We went out early and all day long he was on me



SURFACING WEARILY AT LEFT, THE MARLIN IS WIRED FOR SOUND WITH A DEFT THRUST OF THE TRACKING DART SHOWN AT RIGHT

Every time somebody else hooked up it was, "What's the matter, Miller, wrong place? Wrong line? Lures no good?" Well, at six o'clock we struck and I put him in the fighting chair and told him what to do. In about 15 minutes he said, "Oh, hell, this is too hard, cut the line and let's go on."

"I went up to him, really mad, and yelled: 'Either you or the marlin is going to get it, and right now I don't much care which!' It scared him and he started fishing but then his wife grabbed me and said: 'You can't talk to my husband like that.' I said, 'Shut up, lady, or I'll stick you with this gaff!' We came in at 10:30 with a 600-pound marlin. And those people have fished with me every year since!"

The key words in his story may be "some years ago." After his great year in 1968, Black Bart had a run of bad luck. He designed and helped build his dream fishing machine, a 33-foot fiber-glass boat called *Bullfisher*, which turned out to be too heavy. "I overbuilt it," Bart says now. "The other skippers just kind of laughed at it. They called it the 'sinking canoe.'" Starved for charters, Miller accepted the invitation of a New Zealand fisherman and electronics tycoon to

bring *Bullfisher* Down Under. His sponsor became ill, red tape prevented charters, and the boat finally was swamped at a tidal pier. Miller made his way to Cairns, Australia on the Great Barrier Reef, and signed up as a deckhand. When he had saved enough money he came back to Kona, arriving last January—and again went to work as a deckhand, this time for Peter Hoogs on *Powrila*.

The embittered Kona Miller-watchers either failed to spot a new note of humility in their nemesis, or refused to recognize it. Still, on charter trips with Captain Midnight, one can watch him change with each strike from Boyish Bart to Black Bart, the Patton of the Pacific. But a gentle Patton, without, asserting his command but considerate of an alarmed novice and polite with expert anglers. Herman Gomes, who doubles as curator of the Kailua Aquarium and as a deckhand on *Chivitel*, says the name Black Bart "really used to fit him. Four years ago you didn't dare make one mistake. If you did—out! Now he's a good but mellow." If the howling mad Black Bart of old has been locked away, there may be one circumstance that will unchain him: a medium-to-good angler who doesn't fight a fish hard enough to

suit the captain. A member of a former championship bullfish team says: "He's yelled at a few people so much and so hard they've vowed never to go out with him again."

Miller feels he has learned a good deal about patience. "Tourists ask the same questions over and over, day after day, and sometimes they get to you," he says. "But nowadays it takes a lot to upset me. One day, for example, I had an old man in a charter party. The others had asked me all the usual foolish questions but the old man hadn't said a word. Finally, near the end of the day, he said: 'What's the elevation?' That might have touched me off once. But I just looked at him respectfully and said: 'About 2½ feet.' He said: 'Humph.' And that was that."

One of the few people who have a neutral view of Bart Miller is Peter Fithian, the originator of the bullfish tournament and the boss of the Charter Skippers' Association that Miller won't join. "I don't think he's calculating, as some people claim, or that he's all take and no give," says Fithian. "I think he knows who he is and he just kind of expects people to take care of him—it may be a legacy from his golf days. I've known a lot

continued

of professional golfers who were like that." (Fithian has known a lot of professional golfers, period. He was manager of the Augusta National before coming to Hawaii in 1955.)

Miller's golf days began in Inglewood (Calif.) High School (he was raised in a San Francisco Catholic orphanage) where he developed aptitudes for three fairly diverse activities—sculpture, wrestling and golf—and turned pro (golf) even before graduating. After two years in the Air Force he returned to the Inglewood area and taught golf, played Western (but not PGA) tournaments and "hustled a little." Miller says a hustler who hustled him helped end his golf career. "I set the guy up by shooting an 85," he recalls. "He shot an 83. We increased the bet and I shot an 81. He shot an 80. I figured he was ready so we got the serious bees down. I shot a 73. He shot a 71."

There followed several indecisive years in which Miller abandoned and resumed golf several times, fished commercially in Mexico, studied sculpture in Europe and Hawaii (where he worked nights as a pizza chef to support his education and himself). And then—and then: "One day in Honolulu I met Walter Woods and went out on his boat with him and Johnny Peacock. We caught a marlin and a yellowfin and I loved it. A week later I had a job on a boat." It would be appropriate to describe Miller's rise as mercenary—if mercury weren't such a sore subject with charter skippers these days. He also got a job cooking pizza at \$10 a night to supplement the \$10 a day as deckhand, and in 1964 was advised to try for his captain's license. "I couldn't swim and I had never run a boat, but Peacock told me to take the boat out and after a while I learned to handle it and eventually I learned where the fish were." If Miller has unpaid debts of gratitude to some Kona people, he certainly has discharged others. He credits Olney Roy, a commercial fisherman and sometime charterman, with teaching him most of what he knows about big-game fishing. And as noted, Peacock also gets a boost (it was on his boat *Kubelo* that Miller, with Olney Roy assisting, caught the 100 marlin).

Along his prickly way Miller has made many friends and, contrary to some claims, he still has most of them. They are a remarkably diverse lot. One is a

long-haired working hippie named Scottie who serves Miller carrot juice at Kona's organic restaurant and who says delightedly: "Black Bart is a *trip*! In his own way he is putting on the Kona Establishment. He is a real person who can't be put down." An old acquaintance, explaining Bart's ability to attract sponsors in periods of adversity, says: "He has that look of a young man seeking wisdom and truth—you know, like in the movie *How to Succeed*." A middle-aged female admirer agrees and adds: "Dammit, he's cute as a button—I guess he makes me want to mother him."

Mary Dean and her late husband K.O. Dean, proprietor of Kona Dean Lures of Redondo Beach, Calif., were among Bart's first charters and Mary has remained unflinchingly loyal. "Bart's the best," Mary Dean says fiercely. "All the knocks are just jealousy. He has spent so much time on research. Many other skippers say, 'we'll try this, or we'll try that, but they don't know why they're doing it.' Bart knows."

Two of Miller's friends are millionaires. Francis Weinberg, formerly of Los Angeles, says of Bart's intransigent attitude toward his competitors: "I admire him for his independence." Nat Wolozin has gone even further. A Chicago scrap-metal magnate who moved to Kona four years ago, the 52-year-old Wolozin has tanned gray hair, a goatee, and wears a flame-red turtle-neck, embroidered white shorts, matching red socks and deck shoes to the office of his land investment company.

Wolozin bought *Christel* (she is named for his wife) in order to restore Black Bart to his normal state of militant captaincy. The boat, fully outfitted, cost Wolozin about \$100,000 and he says he bought it for Bart "because he's the best, and I wanted to give him a chance to do something he's wanted to do all his life. Besides, being in Hawaii without a boat is like being in the automobile business with no cars to sell." The Wolozins can reserve the boat in advance, but cannot preempt it if Miller has a charter scheduled.

Mary Dean is quite right about Miller's interest in research. While deck-handing in Australia he learned the uses of piano wires for leaders and has introduced them to Kona (they, too, are hotly debated), as well as a technique of gaffing big fish that he claims "allows you to boat fish that otherwise

wouldn't have been caught." He constantly experiments with new lures, some furnished by Mary Dean and some by a Kona amateur designer named Richard Lynn. He prefers live bait, takes dead fish second, lures third. Miller agreed to get Heeny Yuen a marlin for far less than the normal charter rate because he was just as curious as Heeny about marlin behavior.

Sudden question: Whatever became of the great blue spy? Well, the *Gilbert* tracked him all that first day without difficulty. In the beginning the marlin seemed confused, but after about four hours he suddenly headed for the open sea. About 10 miles out the marlin turned, bleeping cheerfully, and angled back to shore, picking up the 100-fathom line off Keahole Light north of Kailua. All night long he swam unerringly along that line, pausing occasionally to feed but never dropping below 15 fathoms. At dawn he was still on his track, but that was the end of the experiment. The *Gilbert's* transducer unaccountably from and the spy was lost.

The news that the spy had gone north along the 100-fathom line was no great surprise to Black Bart. That is the area he most frequently cruises, guided by a recording fathometer. The fish's hours were another matter. "You know," Bart said, just within the hearing of one of the 8-to-4 skippers, "a fellow is talking to me about some luminous lures. If those fish are feeding at 3 a.m. . . ."

But Miller may never get paid to go fishing in the middle of the night. He and another charter skipper, Wes Van Atta, hope to become contract captains for Inter-Island Resorts this fall, and not many visitors will be eager for the Captain Midnight Special. But there will be other nights and—well, don't bet against it. By daylight, Miller will be demonstrating the new Black Is Beautiful Bart—kind to novices, respectful (if not reverent) to experts. But one word of warning: be ready to fight the fish you hook or go take the cruise boat to Captain Cook's monument.

Even with all his scientific applications, his knowledge and his splendid boat, luck sometimes beats Black Bart, as it did the day of the spy drama and as it did last month in the annual billfish tournament—he didn't catch a single marlin.

"Sometimes," Miller says, "marlin are where they find you."

END

THE BIRTH OF INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL: November 6, 1869

No one has ever been able to figure out precisely how old the game of football is (some of the sport go back at least 2,000 years). But we do know that Princeton and Rutgers played the first American version of the game exactly 100 years ago this November in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

The people who watched that first informal game from their frost-covered backbenches could hardly have foreseen the stylized perfection and grandeur that are so much a part of football today. There were 25 men to a side, and periodic time-outs were taken to re-refill the pig bladder which served as a ball. The Rutgers players wore red turbans, and Princeton's students came up with a vague sort of chant based on a Civil War battle song, which they converted into the first football cheer.

Princeton and Rutgers also inherited the custom of competing for more than a score. At stake was a ransom—a Revolutionary War relic that symbolized the rivalry between the two schools. The football game, they decided, would be an excellent way to determine who got it annually. After a few years, Princeton, in what may have been the first football prize, set the relic in concrete.

During the century that followed, men like Walter Camp, Red Grange, Knute Rockne, Red Blash, Donnell Rook, and Bear Bryant brought new strategy, style, and swing to a sport which today, aged by tradition and sustained by rivalry, is more than a game between 22 players, even more than a contest between two colleges. Football '69 is a major geographical, historical, and social event. Thirty million Americans will attend on-campus games this year; millions more will follow their teams at home. For them, watched after weekend, football is the great autumn happening.

THE BIRTH OF BASKETBALL

James Naismith didn't think of everything. When he invented the game of basketball in December 1891, it didn't occur to him that the goals (hoops) should be basketballs.

Sixth, Naismith was a thinking man. No way a Presbyterian minister, a professor and an M.D. He had 15 degrees, including one in Greek and one in music.

He graduated from the Presbyterian Theological College in Montreal in 1888. In those days, religion and athletics were an unusual combination. A basketball player named "Dromba" Ossage once called Naismith a slayer for studying his Bible instead of going out as a jester. Naismith, a skilled boxer, knocked him flat. Touched by the redundancy in sports that Ossage exemplified, he decided to teach chess using through sports. He entered the YMCA's Christian Workers' School in Springfield, Mass., now Springfield College.

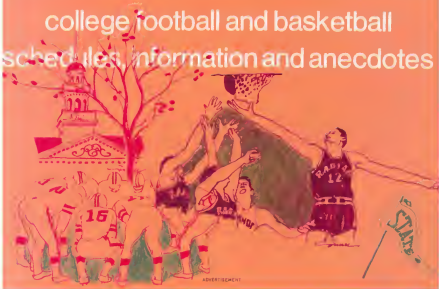
In school at the time were 16 gentlemen who were the despair of the physical education department. They resisted all exercise which was neither baseball nor football. Naismith was asked to take over the recitation and invent a new sport for them.

After trying to adapt football to indoor play and discovering that tackling made it far too rugged a proposition, he conceived of a sport in which the ball would be passed instead of carried. The game of duck on the rock, in which a stone was knuckled off a high pedestal by throwing another stone, had been one of Naismith's favorite childhood games. Naismith decided it suggested throwing the ball toward a goal in a high corner. He placed a goal ten feet above the floor at each end of the playing area.

The first goals were two empty peach baskets. The players threw a soccer ball at the baskets, and the shots that went in were retrieved by a janitor perched atop a ladder. And basketball was born.



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★ The clay-looking couple receiving congratulations from tennis star **Pancho Gonzales** are **Mickey Thompson** and his bride **Trudy Feller**. Mickey, the record-setting driver who is now a multimillionaire auto race promoter and equipment dealer, does not like conventional weddings, so he flew 300 guests in three chartered planes through a thunderstorm from Southern California to Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas for his nuptials. Guests included Indy hero **Rufus Parnell Jones**, drag-car racer **Danny Ongais**, and the uncrowned "earth mother" of all racers, top-heavy **Linda Vaughn**. "People think we're a kind of dirty-fingernail bunch," said Mickey defensively. "So I figured I'd show 'em we got as much class as anybody else."

Artist **Pablo Picasso**, who prides himself on his fitness, saw nothing fitting or esthetic about the new landscape in front of his door in Mougins, on the French Riviera. A private construction company had dug two six-foot ditches there, prompting a Picasso-gram via his lawyer to a district judge: "My friends can't visit me anymore unless they are mountain climbers or cave explorers. As for myself, at almost 90, I am unable to scramble over the ramps and jump over the

ditches." The court told the construction company that it had 48 hours to free prisoner Picasso.

There were a couple of old familiar legs finishing around a track in Miami the other day. They belonged to **Dave Sims**, once the fastest human in the world. In 1956 **Osaka** undergraduate Sims held world records in the 220-yard dash and the 220 low hurdles, and shared the world record for the 100 (9.3). The other day, at age 35, on an impulse, he entered the 100 at a local Miami meet and won it in 9.6, which seems to indicate that Sims's legs have aged only three-tenths of a second in 15 years. Can any other legs make that statement?

"The world news just kind of hit me," said **Kenneth Spiering**, an art student at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Wash. So instead of sculpting a conventional chess set as his art project, Kenneth came up with **Revolutionaries vs. Establishment**. The Revolutionary king, queen and bishop bear the likenesses of **Che Guevara**, **Angela Davis** and **Mahatma Mahesh**, respectively. **Richard Nixon**, **Spiro Agnew** and **Pope Paul VI** are some Establishment pieces. Still uncompleted are **Billy Graham** (Establishment bishop) and two



Revolutionary knights to be named. Kenneth's pawns are up-sized dollar signs—guess which is which. The project has cost him, though. It took him so much time sculpting his view of the world that other art projects didn't get done, so his professor gave him only a B. That's the Establishment for you.

★ Happy, no doubt, about Cuba's victory over the U.S. in the Pan-Am Games, **Fidel Castro** dropped in on a game of *baquet*. There has been no further news of whether or not he made it to the busquet.

This year's **Calgary Stampede** featured an unlikely but enthusiastic duo in its log-rolling competition: the Boston Bruins' **Bobby Orr** and figure skater **Karen Magnussen**. Both rolled off their log, but Karen was declared the winner for her fancier footwork. That's O.K., Bobby: we know you'd never let victory turn your head the way it did Karen's. When she bobbed to the surface, she looked around and asked immediately, "Is my mascara running?"

Consider the case of mathematics professor **Simon M. Berman**, who has worked out a formula for determining how far a batted ball would have traveled, had

it not hit something. This is his formula:

$$D = \frac{d \times h}{16 \times s} + d$$

O is hypothetical distance ball will travel, d is distance from home plate to fence, or light tower or other obstruction, h is height of ball when hitting obstruction, s is number of seconds ball is in flight. "It's just elementary mathematical physics," says Berman. So now you can leave your tape measure at home next time you head for the ball park.

In our growing Little-Known Records division, we come up this week with 36-year-old **Ted St. Martin**, a tree thrower from Riverdale, Calif. who, after many solitary but determined tries, finally set a record by making 10,944 free throws in 12,099 attempts over a 24-hour period for a 90.45% average. "I've had better performances," said St. Martin, "but no one stuck around to keep score."

No one wants to stick around and keep score for **Lewis Sutter** of Detroit, either. Old Lewis, 71, plays solitaire, has racked up 132,400 games since 1961, has worn out—literally—seven decks of cards, plays an average of 40 games a day. "Solitaire cures my insomnia," says Sutter.

Ours too, Lewis.



St. Jovite, Canada, August 1st — Donohue and Javelin maintain Trans-Am winning streak. Race to 5th victory over Mustang and Camaro.

For the fourth consecutive time, and for the fifth time this season, Mark Donohue raced a specially modified Javelin to a Trans-Am victory.

As a result, the Javelin now holds a total of 55 points in the series, compared to 46 for Mustang and 12 for Camaro.

In the St. Jovite event, the Javelin captured the pole position and led for 64 of the 70 laps. Mustang finished 2nd, a minute and 3 seconds

behind.

There are now 4 races to go in the series, out of a total of 11 that are held each year to test the handling, braking and performance abilities of American-made sporty cars.

To clinch the championship, the Javelin has to win only 3 out of the next 4. But knowing Donohue, he won't settle for anything less than all 4.



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buy one that's going places.**





BASEBALL / William Leggett

Look who waits in the Wings

The Orioles are so rich in talent, they keep shuffling a couple of baseball's brightest prospects back to the minors. Wait till next year

There has been absolutely nothing like it since the Yankee teams of the '50s. The Orioles have so much depth that the American League's seventh-leading hitter, Merv Rettenmund, is no better than an alternate outfield starter. But the kicker is that Rettenmund—and even a few Oriole All-Stars—would appear to have tougher competition coming up in the farm system. Look out below.

Rochester, the Orioles' Triple A International League team, opens its lineup—one-two-three—with what just might be the top three prospects anywhere. The intramural battle for playing spots next March may make spring training more interesting than this year's World Series. Consider Rettenmund's problem, for example. Don Baylor, who was merely Minor League Player of the Year last season with Rochester, is back there again. Still only 22, with a strong facial resemblance to Bob Gibson, Baylor bats third for the Red Wings. He leads the league in RBIs with 79, is fourth in average with .331 and has stolen 20 bases in 26 tries.

But now Baylor is learning how poor Rettenmund feels. The leadoff hitter on the Red Wings is a kid of 20 named

Rich Coggins. "Some people like him as much as Baylor already," says Harry Dalton, the Oriole director of player personnel. Coggins is a complete surprise—he was the 475th player selected in the 1968 summer draft—but now his numbers are .303 with 17 home runs.

Hitting between the slugging leadoff man and the speedy power hitter is a slick-fielding shortstop, Bobby Grich, who leads the league with .342 and in home runs with 25 (all the regular shortstops in the National League have totaled 16 homers so far). "In the 17 years that I have been with the International League," says League President George Siler Jr., "Bobby Grich is the best player I have ever seen." For those with short memories, Siler was among the first to tout Johnny Bench when he passed through the league four years ago.

Grich played in 30 games with the Orioles last season but they shipped him back to Rochester this year to play shortstop. Last year at Rochester he was a second baseman. It is almost as if Baltimore is thinking up new things for him to do. "I hit .383 the first half of last year with the Red Wings," Grich said last week at Silver Stadium in Roch-

ester, "so Earl Weaver told me to swing harder and learn to pull the ball." Presto: 25 home runs—an even more difficult task from the second spot, because the job of that hitter is often only to protect the leadoff man and advance him.

Baylor played for Manager Frank Robinson last winter at Santurce, Puerto Rico, and hopes to return to winter ball. Grich is not interested in that, however. "I love nature and the earth," he says candidly, "and when the season is over my wife and I are going back to California and commune with nature for a while and kind of get away from the turmoil of the cities."

Then will come the turmoil of spring training. Perhaps the Orioles can keep Coggins down another season; they simply cannot hold Grich and Baylor back any longer. "Maybe I can work in the infield the same way Rettenmund works in the outfield," Grich says.

"I'm playing left now," Baylor says, "but I like center better. But then, Paul Blair just might be the best centerfielder in the game, and Buford and Rettenmund would be ahead of me, too. Then there's always Frank Robinson, but it would be a pleasure for me just to be around him again." Of course, if F. Robby becomes the first black manager at Cleveland next year, as has been rumored, then Baylor could assume the '71 Rettenmund role as the fourth regular outfielder.

And, oh yes, down on the Oriole Double A team at Dallas-Fort Worth, a 22-year-old prospect named Tom Walker pitched a 15-inning no-hitter last week—and they say Walker might be the second-best pitching prospect on the team.

THE WEEK

by ROY BLOUNT

AL EAST As for the major league Orioles, according to one report they were being chewed out by Manager Earl Weaver for "casual or lack-adaisical baseball." Asked about this, Weaver said "That's semitrue." When BALTIMORE trailed in the opener of a scheduled

doubleheader with soreness, word spread on the Oracle bench that Weaver was about to ban the between-games snack. Whether or not this was semitruer, the startled Birds came from behind to tie the score in the ninth and win in the 10th on the fourth straight hit by Renteria, a big error. The well-fed Orioles then dropped three of four to the Yankees. One of the losses broke Pat Dobson's 12-game winning streak on short was beaten by former Tiger Denny McLain in his first start since leaving the disabled list. McLain had the help of fielding lapses by Ed Brinkman and Aurelio Rodriguez—the left side of the infield that Washington Owner Bob Short traded to the Tigers to get McLain. But Joe Coleman, who also came to Detroit in the McLain trade, shut out Boston for his fifth straight win with new won'ts leading hitter, at .346, was Ron Blomberg, who came up from the minors in June. Blomberg, another fast man with a fork, claimed that he once ate a 72-ounce steak offered by a Kernersville, N.C. restaurant free to anyone who could eat it in an hour, that he once responded to a hamburger chain's offer of a free hamburger for every 1956 penny by bringing in 28 1956 pennies and eating 28 hamburgers, and that he once ate two hamburgers, two steak sandwiches, a hot dog, two orders of potato salad and a pitcher of iced tea at six in the evening—before going out to a big dinner. CLEVELAND got Patcher Sam McDowell back when he decided not to contest his contract, but the Indians lost quick young Shortstop Jack Heademann for the year when Heademann couldn't get out of the way of Yankee Bobby Murcer sliding into second. Heademann's knee required surgery.

BALT 21-42 BOST 32-49 DET 21-81
NY 28-57 WASH 46-85 CLIV 45-28

AL WEST Nobody can say that **GIANTS**' Vida Blue has been coming To win his 20th game, after two unsuccessful tries. Blue had to pitch his eighth shutout, outdueling **CINCINNATI**'s Joe Horlen 1-0. The White Sox won six of eight games, making it 14 of their last 20, to climb into third place. Dick Drago won his 11th to stop an eight-game **KANSAS CITY** losing streak. Andy Messersmith of **CALIFORNIA** has had his ups (11 wins) and his downs (11 losses) this season, but never so close together as last week. On Wednesday he was knocked out by the White Sox on six hits in 12½ innings. On Friday, he revived to pitch a three-hit shutout over the Twins. Messersmith also reported that things were looking up—they could hardly have looked any further down—for the Angels in the morale department. "The spirit's great," he said.

"There aren't any big gaps between players." That's "gaps," not "gets." Harmon Killebrew has hit only one home run for **MINNESOTA** since June 22. With no reliable No. 5 hitter to back up Killebrew and Tony Oliva, the Twins' two big threats are being pitched around. "It's frustrating," said Killebrew. "You're so tempted to go after some of those bad pitches. But you've got to discipline yourself to wait and wait. Another problem is, when you get a good pitch, you're so surprised you miss it." **MIAMI**'s Bill Parsons lost to the A's for the fourth time this season, 2-1. It was the first time in those four games the Braves had scored for him at all.

OKA 71-42 KC 33-54 CH 35-32
CAL 34-32 MIN 51-61 MIL 48-34

NL EAST "If I were a drinking man, I'd have one," said retooling **PITTSBURGH** Manager Danny Murzaugh. The Pirates' lead was slipping—from 11½ games on July 24 to six games on Aug. 8. But pitching ace Dock Ellis refused to panic after failing for the fourth time to win his 16th game. "We're a club that plays better when somebody's close to us," he said. Ellis was asked where he was when Bill Mazeroski hit his 1960 Series-winning home run. "Probably didn't see any guy on a street corner in Watts," he replied. Ernie Slaughter, who scored from first on a single to win the 1946 World Series, was watching from the stands when Maltby Alou of **ST. LOUIS** scored a winning run all the way from first against the Dodgers, without even the benefit of a single. Alou stole second when the Dodgers neglected to call time out while conferring with each other about his burn single, and scored as the surprised Dodger infield began throwing the ball all over the place. **CHICAGO**, getting brilliant pitching from Bill Hands and Juan Pizarro, and sound pitching from Milt Pappas and Ferguson Jenkins, had an anniversary in mind. It was 20 years ago—on Aug. 12—that Leo Durocher's Giants began to make their miracle move against the Dodgers. If course, Durocher is 20 years older, too. Light-hitting new york scored the most runs in the team's 80-year history in a 20-6 win over **ATLANTA**. **PHILADELPHIA**'s Zamboni—which may sound like a good-hot-field third baseman but is in fact a machine designed to sweep run puddles off AstroTurf—wouldn't function because it was all jammed up with ice-cream-cup lids. So a soggy game with the Cardinals was called at the 12th. But the Cards protested and League President Chub Feeney ordered that the game be resumed, with St. Louis ahead. Bring back brooms. Otherwise, the Phils had a sunny week as they whacked the Pa-

rates three times in five games. After **MONTEREAL**'s Mike Marshall earned his 14th save, Manager Gene Mauch said, "Mike's pitched since the All-Star Game like Mike Marshall can pitch, and he's doing it with a back condition that might stop a lesser man." The week before, Mauch fired Marshall for leaving a game because of the sore back.

PIT 70-45 ST. L. 82-51 CH 82-81
NY 87-58 PHIL 51-63 MONT 48-88

NL WEST The **ATLANTA** Braves came up with perhaps the least gutsy affair of the season—Welcome Back Rico Carty Night. Carty, out all year with a knee injured in a winter-league collision, was returned to the Braves' active roster with fanfare. In pregame ceremonies, "the Hugg Boy" took a microphone and said sadly, "The main thing for me to do, I think, is to get out of this uniform. If I try to play now, I could hurt myself worse." Then Rico told the crowd of his distress over being informed that when he was in the hospital one of his teammates had said, "Who cares about Rico?" Later, without specifically naming the player, Rico left the impression that it was Henry Aaron, with whom Carty once fought in an airplane. Aaron denied it, of course. Carty has a blood clot that will probably keep him out of the lineup, not to mention pregame ceremonies, for the rest of the season. Carty isn't the only Brave who will wait till next year. A knee operation knocked Orlando Cepeda out of the lineup, **SAN FRANCISCO** getting—notably that of Juan Marchal and Gaylord Perry—was bad, and the Giants lost six straight. If **LOS ANGELES** has a real shot at overtaking the Gums, it may be because Bill Singer, illness-and-injury plagued for the last two years, pitched his first shutout in 13 months against **HOUSTON**. The Astros lead the league in fielding, and their team ERA is second only to the Mets, but they aren't hitting well enough to rise much above 500. "From now on I'm going to display my emotions more," said **CINCINNATI**'s Johnny Bench, who has 21 home runs and 46 RBIs this season compared to 38 and 111 at the same time a year ago. "I'm going to let myself get mad." Bench conceded that the Reds were out of pennant contention this year anyway. "We'd have to win 45 in a row, and we're not going to do that." However many the Reds would actually have to win, last-place **SAN DIEGO** would have to win a lot more. The Padres, despite three victories last week, have the worst winning percentage in baseball, .339.

SP 88-56 LA 81-52 ATL 80-88
HOUS 87-57 CIN 54-32 SD 42-75

Fluttering start for a hungry Hawk

Ken Harrelson shows promise, but only \$210 profit, in his tour debut



For a guy who has raced hot rods, battled against Bob Gibson in the World Series, hustled in pool halls and faced down Charles Finley, the fabulous Hawk—as Ken Harrelson still likes to call himself—looked anything but predatory as he waited to hit his first official shot as a golf pro last week in Akron.

First of all, the Hawk had copped out on his mod brothers. Well, almost. The hip-hugging, zebra-striped, flare-bottomed pants and all those wild see-through shirts with hawks scrawled on them were back at the motel, and he was wearing a drab brown-and-white striped shirt, ordinary white slacks—not even slightly flared—and brown-and-white shoes. Even his hair had been trimmed. Bowe Kuhn would never have recognized him.

Also, the former Cleveland first baseman was very nervous. He paced the tee while waiting to drive and looked at the gallery of about 750 people that would follow him that day.

"The Hawk's Elock?" he yelled. "The Hawk's Pigeons!" someone replied.

Finally, he stood over his ball. "Do I get a mulligan if I duck hook this one?" he asked. Then he backed away, tightened the glove on his left hand, adjusted the sunglasses that perched atop his head, wiped some dew from the face of his driver and readjusted the ball on the tee.

All this accomplished, the Hawk hit away, pulling the ball a bit (it would have been a foul at Municipal Stadium) toward the corner of a lake about 300 yards away. He stared anxiously as it caught the thick rough alongside the fairway and stopped short of the water. Someone gave Harrelson a "safe" sign, at which he dropped his driver, let out a big "Whew!" and staggered off, giving his flock the peace sign.

Harrelson wedged the ball out of the rough to within 10 feet of the cup. After studying his putt from every conceivable angle, he rolled the ball into the cup. No side door, right in the middle. He had birdied the 1st hole in his first pro tournament, just as he had hit a home run in his first at bat for the Boston Red Sox in 1967. The Hawk dropped his putter and strutted toward the cup in what he calls his Hawk Walk, a stuff-legged, neck-craning shuffle, and moments later he gave Jim Dent, one of

his playing partners, a soul brother slap. Ah, yes, this was the real Hawk.


Harrelson did not birdie every hole at the \$20,000 Little American Golf Classic, but he played surprisingly well—much better than everyone, including the Hawk, had expected. And he managed to keep his flock entertained with some verbal barbs and an occasional outburst of temper. Two horses whinnied nearby one day, and the Hawk yelled, "That's just like Gabe Paul talking with Sam McDowell." Once when he three-putted, Harrelson threw his golf ball into a lake. Another time he took the sunglasses from atop his head and smashed them. It was about the most use he got out of his shades all week.

For his three rounds Harrelson shot a total of 221, five strokes over par on the 7,110-yard North Course at the Firestone Country Club, and he used for 22nd place in the tournament, a satellite for the \$150,000 American Golf Classic. "I know it's stupid to say," Harrelson said afterward, "but I really could have won this tournament."

Unrealistic perhaps, but not stupid. For although he finished seven strokes behind winner Dean Reffram, Harrelson played beautifully from tee to green. He consistently drove the ball beyond 280 yards, and he hit 46 of the 54 greens in regulation figures. But the Hawk putted as though he were using a baseball bat again. He three-putted eight greens, missed three tap-ins of less than a foot and, in all, needed a total of 105 putts in three rounds. "I'm a great putter as a rule," he said. "I'm not really worried about all those little putts I missed." He was concerned enough, however, to try out putters of a dozen of the established pros who arrived for the big tournament next door.

Harrelson's approach to golf might be termed Palmeresque. He attacks the course, taking risks most players like to avoid. "I've always been wide open and flamboyant," he said, "and that's the way I'll play. I'm not taking out any irons and laying up. I'm opening the carburetor and letting the ball go. Nobody will ever call me a safe player." In all three rounds he tried chunky shots over trees and water, and not once did a gamble fail. "One time it will," said Dave Marr. "and then he'll learn to play safe when he should play safe."

continued



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GOLF continued

Most of the pros were impressed with the Hawk's compact swing. One of them even went so far as to say that golf "needs" the Hawk. (Bowie Kuhn once said that about baseball, remember?) "You'd expect his swing to be very fast and uncoordinated, since he has just quit baseball," said the pro, "but it isn't. He'll make money out here."

Some pros feel the tour needs more city slickers like Harrelson. "The trouble out here is that we've got too many farmers and too many milk shake drinkers," Larry Mowry said. "I'd like to see a few more city guys who will sit down and have a beer once in a while. Everybody wonders where all the farmers come from on the tour. Well, I know. They've been building golf courses where the pastures used to be, and all the farmers give their kids golf clubs."

Before he can caddy the tour, however, Harrelson must pass a sectional qualifying school at Winston-Salem, N.C. next month, and then survive the tough PGA rookie school at Palm Beach Gardens in October. "I've played golf every day for five weeks," Harrelson said, "and I'll play every day until I go to Winston-Salem. I can't get worse, for sure."

If he does qualify for the tour, Harrelson will have no worries about money, at least for a while. Although he has spent most of the estimated \$500,000 he made in baseball over the last four years, the Hawk now has an angel—St. Haddad, president of the ABC Demolition Corp. of Arlington, Va. "He'll have no money worries if he puts his mind to golf and works at it," Haddad said at Akron. "If he doesn't work at it, forget it." Was Harrelson going to get along on the tour rookie's average subsidy of \$400 a week, Haddad was asked. "The Hawk?" he answered, raising his eyebrows. "Are you kidding?" Best guess is that Haddad will see that Harrelson does not fall below about \$750 a week until he begins paying his way.

Last week the Hawk won only \$210. Considering that he spent 15 hours shooting his 22's, it means he earned \$14 an hour. Playing baseball for Cleveland this year he made roughly \$170 an hour. Maybe the Hawk should return to the Indians.

"No way," he said. "I could work out for a week and help the Red Sox. But there's no way I'll ever play in Cleveland again." Well, maybe in the Cleveland Open.

END

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Cliff Drysdale defended himself with ease against demonstrators, but found a later demonstration by Ken Rosewall harder to handle

A Cliffhanger at Longwood

If the name Nottlek Tennis Courts does not make you quiver all over—as if someone had said Cooperstown or St. Andrews or the Springfield YMCA—you are in good company. The Nottlek Tennis Courts do not mean anything to Rod Laver or Arthur Ashe or Ken Rosewall, either, or to any of the others of Lamar Hunt's troupe of gypsy rug-beaters who were convened at Longwood Cricket Club in Boston last week for the 44th annual U.S. professional tennis championships. But it should.

Nottlek (which looks as if it must be something spelled backwards—and it is) was a birthplace of sorts. It was there at 119th Street in New York City that the first professional championships were held in 1927. Tell that to any of the pros hustling for \$50,000 at Longwood last week, however, and their only interest would be to inquire how Ken Rosewall made out that year.

Actually, little old Rosewall missed the first few U.S. pro tournaments, but he has been playing in them since 1957 in Cleveland, when his first victim was—of all people—Bobby Riggs, who was dug up from somewhere to help draw crowds. Playing before paying customers is a relatively new gimmick at the professional championship. It was not so very long ago, for instance, that a pro named Eddie Alloo was given a night's pay to wear a hood and play in the tournament as a masked marvel. As recently as 1963, when Rosewall won the title for the first time, the tournament bustled and Ken did not earn a nickel.

Rosewall, then, obviously had the most reason to be gratified—and startled—last week when he won his third U.S. championship and \$10,000 (certified) before sellout crowds of 5,500 who paid each of the last three days to watch him as he ran through Ashe, Marty Riessen and Cliff Drysdale. He ripped up Drysdale, who ball-boyed for Rosewall thirty years ago, 6-4, 6-3, 6-0.

The appearance in the finals of Drysdale, a tall, thoughtful 30-year-old South



LAVER LOST WITH HIS OLD WOODEN RACKET, DRYSDALE LOST TO A STEELY OLD PRO



African with a two-handed backhand, added an extra ingredient to the drama. Earlier in the week the Boston chapter of the NAACP had disturbed matches involving two other touring South Africans, Frew McMillan and Rob Maud, by keeping up an unceasing din of booing, whistling, stomping and chanting. "Paint him black and send him back," the group shouted at McMillan in his loss to top-seeded John Newcombe.

Since McMillan lost about as expected, it was impossible to measure the effect of the demonstration except as it related to the other 3,000 customers. They were clearly irked by what they considered a breach of tennis spectating

sportsmanship and an imposition on their own enjoyment. "Throw them out," rose the cry, but the demonstrators—numbering at most 30, white and black—were otherwise well-behaved and good-natured, and tennis patrons had to learn to accept freedom of speech at their game, too. As Newcombe pointed out, "They were first-class protesters to pay \$5 apiece to get in. They helped us at the gate."

"Maybe we're going to have to learn to live with this," Drysdale said afterward. "And maybe we can, too. But I don't know how I'll react the first time it happens to me because it's so different from everything we've been accustomed

continued

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Drysdale had been the object of a protest at Wimbledon, but it was a polite incident, even amusing. "Excuse us, this will only take a minute," the head demonstrator apologized to Drysdale as about a dozen of his associates walked onto Cliff's court, held up their signs and then quietly departed.

"I wonder if it will be as polite in America," Drysdale said at the time. He worried about that. He also said that he sympathized with the protesters' motives and he readily assented to appear along with Arthur Ashe at a press conference held by the Boston NAACP following the second night of noise. Possibly because he has voiced opposition to his government's policies, and was so forthright in confirming these anti-apartheid statements at the press conference, Drysdale was not heckled, and the demonstrators did not reappear, even though Cliff would have been an inviting (and televised) target in both the semis—where he upset Newcombe—and the finals.

Despite the moral and political dilemma facing Drysdale, he is enjoying his finest season and has already won about \$50,000. In Miami in April he won \$10,000 and his first tournament in three years, beating Rod Laver in the finals—a match that really lifted Drysdale's confidence. On the other hand, that turned out to be exactly the kind of match that Laver loses along the line in every tournament now.

At Longwood, for instance, the Rock-et went out to Marty Riessen in the quarterfinals. It has been three months since Laver last won a tournament—the longest dry spell of his career—and while his earnings for the year are already at a record \$207,767, some \$160,000 of that came in the first three months of the year when he breezed through the series of \$10,000 one-nighters that was called the Tennis Champions Classic.

Since then, his confidence has declined with his game. It reached the nadir two weeks ago when he lost to Bill Bowrey in the first round at Louisville. After that, Laver discarded his aluminum racket and picked up his old-fashioned wooden clubs. "You don't have to swing as hard with metal," he says, "and I think I got lazy wrists and lost my rhythm. I know I lost my confidence."

Returning to wood in Quebec, he struggled to the final, where Tom Ok-

ker beat him. Laver felt that Boston might be his comeback spot. He had been in every final—winning all but two—since the tournament moved to Boston and began to gain respectability and solvency in 1964. He is Boston's boy, and the large crowd cheered mightily when the Rocket pulled off a comeback three-set win over Ismail El Shafei in the second round.

Then, against Riessen, Laver hung on, after squandering two match points, to face a tie breaker in the last set. He has been nervous in tie breakers, unsure with the innovation. Riessen annihilated him, seven points to one, to win 1-6, 6-4, 7-6, and still another week had gone by without Rod Laver winning a tournament.

Newcombe analyzed the man whose world he has seized: "It's mental. I think Rod's in a transition period when he has to come to an accommodation with reality, as Rosewall has. He's not over the hill at 33. He's not going to win every week like he did two years ago.

"But he still expects to. There are 10 guys in the world, including me, who are much better than we were in 1969, but there's no way Rod can be better. The world has caught up with him. He's got to accept this and not look for excuses like changing his racket. His confidence started to crack when he lost to Roger Taylor at Wimbledon last year. Rod played an abortion of a match, and couldn't have expected to win. But it was a shock because he didn't think he could lose at Wimbledon.

"He began to think for the first time in the pressure spots. Like against me in Philadelphia. He'd always beaten me. He was serving for the first set at 5-3, 40-15—two set points. But he got nervous. Played a bad point. Double-faulted. Duce, and I was on my way. That's been happening to him in tournament after tournament."

Rosewall, nearly four years Laver's senior, seems to better understand the realities of age. Obviously, he paces himself. "He just isn't interested some weeks," Australian Ray Ruffels says. "He seems to know that he has to give his mind time off between efforts." Certainly, that system seems to work. At 36, Rosewall now holds the U.S. Open, U.S. Pro and Australian and South African titles, and in awe of his powers of rejuvenation, the other players hung a new nickname on him in Boston last week: Saint Kenny.

END

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Making passes at girls who take classics

When she retires, the breeders
will all want Shuvee for their stud

Stroiling from the beautiful walking ring to the Saratoga stands before last week's 44th running of the Whitney Stakes, Trainer MacKenzie Miller tried to sum up the desultory 1971 handicap division. "Outside of Ack Ack, who seems to be in a class by himself—but he's sick now—all the best of the bunch are in this field," he said. "And it sure isn't much to get excited about. My colt Protanto cost \$150,000, is beautiful to look at but has been mostly a disappointment. Everyone is taking turns beating everyone else, and maybe—just maybe—if the mare doesn't beat us all today, it could be our turn. That's the sort of year it is."

A few minutes later Mac Miller discovered that it was indeed Protanto's turn. The striking bay 4-year-old son of Native Dancer and the Tom Fool mare Foolish One, who was among the favorites for the 1970 Kentucky Derby before he injured an ankle, won for only the seventh time in a 40-race career, beating long shot Peace Corps (who has won only six races himself) by a head. It was, for that matter, Protanto's sole win in 15 starts this season. The fact that his earnings over three seasons now total an impressive \$269,827 is hardly any assurance in this topsy-turvy year that he will win next time out—or ever again—for his owner, the widow of the late Charles Engelhard.

"Even if he kept frustrating us forever, which he does most of the time anyway," Miller said on the way to a victory drink, "you've got to keep faith in this sort of animal because he's so superbly bred. If he can't do us any more good on the track, at least we can always hope that he'll make up for it at stud."

But stud, of course, is the ultimate game of mixed doubles in sports, and most breeders subscribe to the theory that even a colt as well-bred as Protanto—or a Buckpasser, Aris and Letters or Nijinsky—is not going to have as much influence on the offspring as the broodmare wall. As the old saying goes: Upon the quality of the mares depends the success of the stud.

Exactly the sort of quality mare he had in mind was the only one in the Whitney. Five-year-old Shuvee is a big (16 hands, two inches), heavy-boned, plain-headed, equine Amazon who will not let the boys push her around. In her most stunning performance she beat an otherwise all-male field in the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup last fall—a feat no mare has ever pulled off. She is now 28th on the money-winning list for all horses, with \$775,358 in 39 starts, and she will surely pass Cascade, who earned \$783,674, and become the top money-winning mare of all time before she retires. Nobody would be the slightest bit surprised to see Shuvee take her second straight Gold Cup this fall.

"That would be the icing on the cake," says 42-year-old Mike Freeman, who trains Shuvee for her Virginia owners, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Stone. "I never expect to have another mare like her. The only trouble is, now that she's closing out her career, I realize after four years that I've finally just begun to figure her out."

The bettors couldn't figure her out last Saturday. Shuvee, ridden by Ron

Turcotte, went off a slight favorite, but she had to break from post position No. 13 and was forced wide most of the way. Still, working gamely as always, she barreled from far back to take third place, beaten only slightly more than three lengths at the mile and an eighth. Those who finished behind Shuvee included the Metropolitan Handicap winner Tunes, the Excelsior Handicap winner Loud, the Widener winner True North, the Suburban Handicap winner Twice Worried, the Brooklyn Handicap winner Never Flow. The only two horses that did beat Shuvee had four- and seven-pound weight advantages over her on the scales.

Shuvee is far from being the first race mare to put the colts in their place, and she even has company in that class this year. The 5-year-old mare Drum Top may be the best grass runner in the country. Manta is a handicap standout in California and Turkish Towelers may be the best 3-year-old on the Coast. And Ogden Phipps' undefeated Numbered Account could prove to be the best 2-year-old of either sex. Filly Lib is nothing new. Racing has always provided an arena where a female can prove her superiority over the other sex.

The girls may even do better abroad. As Trainer Horatio Luro notes, "Before filly and mare programs were so well established in this country, a good mare had no place to run if she didn't race against a colt. In France this is still often the case, and why female horses run so often against males—and beat



FORCED OUTSIDE IN THE WHITNEY, SHUVEE CAUGHT ALL BUT TWO OF THE BOYS

them so often even in the classics."

In selecting broodmares, breeders seek the ideal—a mare who has impeccable bloodlines and has won at the races, too. Since the ideal is so seldom found, nearly everyone must settle for a compromise, and there is hardly any agreement about which aspect to value most. The range of theories goes all the way from the Italian Tesio's—who required that his mares have good conformations, good pedigrees and be stakes winners—to the late Aly Khan's, who maintained, in effect, that if a mare is well-bred herself, then breed her, even if she looks like a graffe.

The exceptions in breeding tend to be the rule, however. Otherwise, a breeder with vast wealth could come along, buy up the best mares and look up the game. As an example, there was no way anybody could have figured a mare like Hildene, who retired a maiden on the track and then produced stakes winners such as Hill Prince, Third Brother and First Landing.

Generally it is the rule, though, that the best-producing mares were either capable at the track or appeared to have top potential until injured.

"I want a good pedigree and top conformation in my broodmares," says Trainer Johnny Neri. "Good families tend to keep reproducing, but if you have to compromise, then I go for racing ability instead of pedigree. But basically what we're all looking for is a good individual."

Buyers at this week's Saratoga yearling sales are looking for good individuals—and paying plenty for them—both for future racing and breeding purposes. And no one really knows which way to turn. "Five of my stable's best fillies all beat colts, and none of the five ever produced anything noteworthy," says Owner-Breeder C. V. Whitney. "On the other hand, a lot of my other top mares never beat colts but have turned out to be good producers."

"As far as Shuvee is concerned," says her trainer, Mike Freeman, "she should be ideal from a breeding standpoint. She's got Nasrullah and Princequillo going back two generations, and you can't beat that." But you can't count on it, either. For instance, what about Proton? His mother is a mare named Foolish One who is a half sister to the late champion Bold Ruler. Oh, and what was Foolish One's career on the racetrack? She never even raced.

END

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In Defense of



the Sweet Science

CONTINUED

W. H. Lowdermilk & Co. of Washington was an "old bookstore" in all senses of that ambiguous term: It sold old books, the firm dated from 1872, and the building that housed it had obviously not been troubled by the theories of modern architecture. In the early 1940s, the time of my patronage, its three floors were filled with something over 200,000 volumes. Now the building is gone; soon a subway station will occupy the site.

Recovering word of the closing of Lowdermilk's stimulated the recollection of hours spent there and books discovered. In particular, I remember an afternoon in the fall of 1964. I am sure I did not linger long on the ground level of the shop, which contained only Americana, biography, some new books and framed portraits of the likes of the first Mr. Justice White. I would have proceeded quickly upstairs to the second floor—military and naval books, belles-lettres, England, France, politics, gastronomy and sport.

Lowdermilk's was always a Proustian sort of place, rich in stimuli. In addition to the books it was well supplied with dust, with odors redolent of times past and with dark places to bring out the owls of the mind. But the image Lowdermilk's most often summoned up for me was that of a large, well-stocked wine cellar. There was the obvious similarity of the shelves of books to racks of bottles, and the spines of books, like the labels of wine bottles, can be studied with profit even without sampling the contents. The cellar-like atmosphere was also enhanced by the darkness and the musty odor. The characteristic odor of wine cellars is created by the traditional tasting procedure: the taster rolls the wine around in his mouth and spits it on the floor, thus avoiding the diminution of his critical faculties that would otherwise result from tasting a hundred wines in a day. While this attribute of cellars was, undoubtedly, not present at Lowdermilk's, some people who looked as if they might have been poets living on sinécures in the patent office occasionally drank soup in obscure corners of the stacks, and they may have provided the effluvia that triggered the association. In any case, it was the inventory more than its setting that recalled a cellar.

Some books, like some wines, improve with age. A few of these are good from the start and merely get better, but most are unpleasant when young and only after a number of years in their greatness made manifest. On that fall afternoon I found a book of the latter type. It is like the clarets of 1928. For years 1928 was regarded as a poor year for claret; it suffered especially by comparison to 1929, which was hailed as "the vintage of the century."¹ But now the 1929 has faded, while the 1928 has developed into a fine, supple, full-bodied wine. When the book I found at Lowdermilk's was published, early in this century, its style must have seemed grandiloquent to all but the most reactionary readers. Now it seems merely to have the grace appropriate to its subject—boxing.

The book is *The Complete Boxer*² by J. G. Bohun Lynch. As I picked it up, it fortuitously opened to a quotation from Pierce Egan. Now I know that the late A. J. Liebling often quoted Egan, an early 19th century English journalist, and called him, variously, the Herodotus, the Froissart and the Sire de Joinville of the London prize ring. Now Egan's quotation disposed me favorably toward the book, for it demonstrated that the author was a man of discernment and that he had done research in the right places. The substance of the quotation was equally sound.

"Sports which can produce thoroughbred actions will outlive all the sneers of the fastidious, and cant of the hyper-critics."

Pierce Egan to Captain Barclay

This is a slight misquotation of the dedication from the first volume of Egan's *Boxiana*, dated 1812.

When Lynch republished Egan's dictum a century after it was written, the sport of boxing was still lively in spite of abundant sneers and cant; another half a century later we, too, experience the sneers and the cant, but now boxing's health is suspect. There have, however, been periods of malaise before.

During the third quarter of the 18th century, after the time of Figg and Broughton and before the rise of Mendoza and Jackson, the prize ring was in decline as a result of a series of what were then known as crosses, what the

Considering boxing's rich history, its artistic and wholesome nature, it is difficult to understand how the moral entrepreneurs regularly manage to stir up so much righteous indignation

by J. P. Heinz

20th century fancy would call fixes or boat races. And in the 1820s Daniel Mendoza complained that there were few honest fights anymore.¹ But the time of Cribb, Molineaux and Spring, a time when boxing enjoyed the patronage of His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, afterward George IV, was a time that in retrospect seems a zenith of the ring. The probable explanation of Mendoza's statement is that he was 60 years old when he made it and that more than 30 years had passed since he had been champion. In our time Gene Tunney has grumbled similarly.

The 1930s, with five champions in seven years before Joe Louis and his "bum of the month" campaign, seemed a miserable display back then, but by comparison with the present the '30s appear to be an era of genius. Things had become so bad before the Frazer-Ali match that the foremost attraction anyone could muster was a cinematic simulation of a fight between Muhammad Ali and Rocky Marciano. The film was made 13 years after Marciano's retirement and shortly before his death in a private airplane. According to the promoter, the characteristics of the two boxers were given to a computer named Irving and it decided the outcome—Marciano by a knockout. This was nonsense, of course. Boxing is a dynamic art, and a fight between boxers of different times is therefore as impossible artistically as it is physically. It is like a contest between Rembrandt and de Kooning.⁴

In the long view, then, the lesson of history is clear—despite the current inclination to absurdity that afflicts boxing as it afflicts all our arts, pugilism might again prove resilient. Boxing is like Billy Miske. On Nov. 7, 1923, while seriously ill with Bright's disease and thus unable to train, Miske knocked out

tough Bill Brennan in the fourth round.⁵

You will recall that we were at Lowdermilk's. As I reflected on the sneers of the fastidious and the cant of the hypercritics, such Pecksniffian characters as Norman Cousins, David Brinkley and Arthur Daley came to mind. All three had condemned boxing within a few months before my visit to the bookstore—Cousins and Daley in print and Brinkley on television. The thought of them had barely begun to flare my nostrils when I came across this striking psychiatric insight by Bohun Lynch:

"Boxing has a peculiar effect on a certain type of mind. It is a mind that may have, but generally has not, some theoretical knowledge to back its arguments, within a body which has never practiced it. Put flippantly, but quite equitably, the inside of the head rejects what its outside cannot endure."

Norman Cousins? David Brinkley? Arthur Daley?

Arthur Daley of *The New York Times* is the sort of man who calls the 1920s "The Golden Age of Sport"—which always makes me suspect that the '20s were his golden age. The Daley column that came to mind appeared on a sad occasion: a journeyman boxer had died as a result of injuries received in the ring. Under the heading *How Much Is Too Much?* Daley informed us that "one more sacrificial lamb" had been killed "on the altar of this most brutal of sports."

While one cannot dispute Daley's opinion that boxing is the most brutal of sports, as brutality is a highly personal concept, boxing is hardly the most dangerous of sports. Shortly before Daley's column appeared, the deaths of two champions, Benny Paret and Duve

Moore, had attracted considerable attention, but the prominence of those victims probably made death seem more likely than it actually is. It is difficult to get meaningful statistics about the incidence of fatalities, since no accurate data is available about the number of fights. A Dr. Thomas Gonzales, however, who studied deaths in both professional and amateur sports in New York City during the period 1918 to 1950, found 43 from baseball, 22 from football, 21 from boxing, seven from basketball and three from handball. In an article in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* he asserted that boxing was responsible for fewer deaths than baseball or football "in proportion to the number of participants," but he cited no evidence in support of their conclusion and I doubt that he knew the extent of participation in each sport. A more careful study, also reported in the *AMA Journal*, was conducted by Drs. H. A. Kaplan and J. Browder. They made electroencephalograms on 1,043 professional boxers and concluded:

"The amount of damage that may be inflicted to the brain by a blow to the head with a gloved fist, during a properly conducted professional boxing contest, rarely produces cerebral changes demonstrable by any test that we have at the present time."

Furthermore, Kaplan and Browder contend that while some blows to the head may stun, others may cause the state of the brain to be "altered to alertness." The finding of these modern experts was anticipated by Bohun Lynch:

"A smashing blow received brushes away the cobwebs of the mind. . . ."

(That this is intuitively known by wives no doubt accounts for the classic treat-

continued

1. Recently it has become much easier to be the vintage of the century. No fewer than three of the last dozen years have been so hailed.

2. Published by Frederic Stokes Company, New York, 1914.

3. Fined fights are a treasured part of the mythology of boxing. Mendoza's statement, made in 1823 and quoted in Percie Egan's *Art of Self-Defense* (1845), reads: "The present

practice of making all boxing matches indiscriminately for very large sums of money is one of the primary causes of the frauds now universally prevalent, for such is the present degraded state of the pugilistic art that scarcely ever is there a battle fairly fought; and for the last ten years there have not been ten honest fights."

4. I would not care to see that one, injury case. All true connoisseurs know that matching

two Dutchmen makes for a very slow night.

5. This was possible because, as Egan observed: "The delicacy of strength may be greatly supplied with art, but the want of art will have but heavy and uselessly succumb from strength." I have always thought it would be fine to have this embroiled on a sampler and hung in my study, but I cannot even get my wife to sew buttons on my shirts. I must be waiting in art.

ment given husbands who arrive home inebriated.) In the final analysis we can probably do no better than rely on the judgment of those who are willing to back their opinions with money—this is the ancient method of economists and bookies, and the still-surviving 1855 classification of Bordeaux was, after all, based on the prices brought by wines. Thus I find it reassuring that the National Board of Insurance Underwriters considers the hazards of boxing small compared to those of football, hunting and auto racing. Across the top of the page of the *Times* in which Daley's column called boxing the "most brutal of sports" was a headline that read: "Three Killed in Argentine Grand Prix."⁶

While Arthur Daley's interests are largely confined to sport, Norman Cousins is an all-purpose reformer. (Rosenoe Conkling once said that Dr. Johnson, in defining the word "patriotism" as the last refuge of a scoundrel, had overlooked the possibilities of "reform.") Cousins' view of boxing, as of almost everything else, had been publicized in his *Saturday Review*, and this comment particularly fascinated me:

"It is nonsense to talk about prize fighting as a test of boxing skills. No crowd was ever brought to its feet screaming and cheering at the sight of two men beautifully dodging and weaving out of each other's jabs."

Disdain for the kind of performance described by Mr. Cousins would be justified: constant missing of the mark is usually a symptom of deficient hand-eye coordination. But since Cousins has also expressed concern for the mental health of boxing's public, I should admit that paranoia could be another explanation. If neither boxer were hitting the other, paranoid fans might suspect conspiracy. This would, of course, be a delusion. The accepted method of simulating a fight calls for the opponents to strike one another lightly, which is more persuasive than not touching at all and nearly as painless. Only in modern wrestling and primitive cinema do fighters avoid contact entirely. Thus, "dodging and weaving out of each other's jabs" surely indicates neither skill nor guile. Instead, it is a rare symptom of an all too common ill—ineptitude.

Boxing fans do yell "killum," but with neither the frequency nor the credibility of those who favor ice hockey. More-

over, the few boxing patrons who do call for blood are usually middle class and not yet middle-aged. It goes back to their formative years—they were raised on television boxing. When one's early instruction is taken in the family viewing room, one is denied the socializing influence of the mature scholars who may be found in arenas. Lacking these worthy examples, the young middle-class fan has been conditioned by other reference groups, such as pro football crowds, the impersonations of boxing fans presented in B movies and mothers. These fans have not learned the lesson stressed by Liebling, that the true function of the spectator is to advise his favorite of flaws perceived in the other boxer's style (thus the classic, "Hittum inna gut").

The final man on my list, David Brinkley, has also criticized boxing's public. Just before my visit to Lowdermilk's, Brinkley had done an hour-long television special called *Boxing's Last Round*. It was fresh in my memory then; it is fresh now because I took the trouble to get a transcript. Among other things, Brinkley announced:

"The more poetic fight fan must describe it as an ancient, classic art, a display of grace and agility, physical perfection like a Rodin sculpture, footwork and movement as stylish as ballet, and no doubt all that is true. But it's also true that nothing bores a fight crowd as much as a graceful display of classic pugilism. A minute or so of that and they will begin to clap and stomp and howl for action—meaning slugging, knock-downs and blood."

Saying that many spectators care only for the brutality in boxing is like observing that many Westchester drinkers appreciate only the alcohol in their Châteaufort-Lafite-Rothschild. The statement is true, but it does not indict the wine.

I should admit, however, that non-brutal boxing would be as unsatisfying, even to the connoisseur, as nonalcoholic claret. It would be like removing all the blood from bullfighting or like not removing the net from below a high-wire artist; it would transform the thing from drama to display. Lynch again:

"Light hitting coupled with an intensely developed knowledge of science forms a pleasant enough show

sometimes. So does the turn upon the manic-hall stage of a dexterous swinger of Indian clubs, or Cinquevalli's astounding sense of balance. But it does not thrill. You admire it with your brain but not with your heart. And in the process of ultra-refinement a sport is apt to become emasculated, to lose its efficacy for the purpose from which it is sprung."

Boxing is sprung from fighting. It is a struggle of one lonely man against another. His manager can train him and advise him, his cut man can stack collation on his wounds and ammonia under his nose between rounds, but the fighter does the fighting alone. Modern Americans find this hard to understand. It has no analogue in their daily lives. They live in large developments and work in large buildings for large organizations, and they seldom succeed or fail alone. When a company does badly its management changes. But boxing is prebureaucratic, preindustrial. It lacks specialization; the fighter performs all roles.

In baseball one batter at a time faces one pitcher at a time, and simultaneously a catcher, a first baseman and a left-fielder all perform their separate functions—with a high degree of interdependence but also with considerable specialization. It is almost a model of the mechanized assembly line. In modern football, subsidiary A of the team may sweep right while subsidiary B goes deep and C heads for the flat, thus giving the chief executive officer several options. There is plenty of individual violence in football's line play, but the sophisticated fan prefers to sit high up in the second deck so that he can see the pass patterns instead. It reminds me of my childhood, when we had a game called "Photo-Electric Football"—the player on defense chose one printed pattern and the offensive team chose another, the two patterns were overlaid and an electric light was shone through them to determine whether the play succeeded or failed. It would be impos-

continued

6 Daley's attitude toward brutality is ambiguous. In this same column he also expressed regret that we no longer have heavyweights of Dempsey's caliber around today, and I got the impression that he was less disturbed by the brutality than by the inelegant way it is now inflicted.

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ble to devise a Photo-Electric Pugilism.

Since artists and writers are also perennial and face lonely struggles, they frequently feel an affinity for boxers. Hemingway boxed; so did Lord Byron, Camus and Leonard Gardner, the author of the recent succès d'estime *Fast Cars*, whose protagonist is an itinerant boxer, drinker and stoop laborer.

Brinkley acknowledged, in a fashion, the art inherent in boxing, but he did not do justice to the volume and quality of the art boxing has inspired. The American painters Thomas Eakins and George Bellows both did several works; for example, Eakins' *Taking the Count*, *Salutar and Bennett Round*, and Bellows' famous *Stag at Sharkey's* and *Both Members of this Club*. The list of authors who have applied their art to boxing is a long one. In addition to Byron, Hemingway and Gardner it includes George Bernard Shaw (*Caesar's Wife*), Nelson Algren, Heywood Brown, Eldridge Cleaver, James T. Farrell, William Hazlett, Edward Hoagland, Norman Mailer, John Masefield, J. B. Priestley, William Makepeace Thackeray and assorted ancient Greeks. In drama, there are Clifford Odets' *Golden Boy*, Rod Serling's *Requiem for a Heavyweight* and Howard Sackler's recent *The Great White Hope*. I know of no other sport that has produced a comparable body of artistic work, notwithstanding George Plimpton's energetic efforts to fill in all the gaps. Some of John Updike's characters do play an occasional game of basketball, but it is hard to imagine a *Requiem for a Forward*. And it was not on the pro golf tour that the Brando character of *On the Waterfront* "could have been a contender."

Boxing may appeal to the lazy artist, to the artist with an impoverished imagination or to the artist who suspects that his audience lacks wit—it is such a convenient and obvious dramatic symbol, a symbol for an individual's struggle for survival in a harsh world, for the misery or the frailty of the human condition or for the deficiency of strength being overcome by art and courage. It would be hard for an artist to extract this from golf. Lynch made the point, of course:

"The sport without a significant origin, which is and always has been purely a game, tends by the elabor-

(continued)

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Sweet Science continues

ration of its science to become a business; golf, for example."

Thus, if the violence were removed from boxing the symbolic content would be eliminated as well. It would become a meaningless show.

David Brinkley suggested, however, that boxing has been hurt not so much by the brutality or by the modern public's insensitivity as by boxing's "own crookedness, selfishness and greed." A part of his case was the familiar assertion that even those few boxers who are skillful and lucky enough to earn a substantial sum lose it all to their managers' thievery. Brinkley cited two horrible examples, Beau Jack and King Levinsky. Both were prominent fighters 25 and 35 years ago, and both now live in Miami Beach⁷ in reduced circumstances; Beau Jack shines shoes and Levinsky is an itinerant necktie salesman. Brinkley stated that Levinsky's "one remaining treasure" was a watch engraved, "To my pal King Levinsky, from Jack Dempsey." Shortly before the taped program appeared on television Levinsky's apartment was burglarized and \$5,000 in cash was stolen. Miami Beach burglars do not help television scripts.

Brinkley also said that Beau Jack made \$2 million fighting. That figure is too high by about 800%, according to Nat Flescher, editor of *Ring* magazine and doyen of boxanaphiles.⁸ Two days after the Brinkley program a small item in *The New York Times* reported:

"Stepin Fetchit, the foot-shuffling Negro comedian who made more than \$2 million in films in the nineteen thirties, is now a charity patient at Cook County hospital."⁹

Both Mr. Jack and Mr. Fetchit were men of humble origin who suddenly made a great deal of money. Both spent much and gave away more. Perhaps the only difference between Beau Jack and a Beau Jack who had never boxed is that now he can put his name on his stand and have it mean something.

As I continued to leaf through Bohun Lynch, my convictions were rein-

forced. There it was. On page 22, confession:

"There has been, and is, rascality connected with the sport, ruffianism of the blackest dye."

And on page 23, rationalization:

"As for ruffianism, there is no sport safe from it, no sport that can be ultimately ruined by it."

I should be as candid as Bohun Lynch—there are rascals and ruffians connected with boxing even now. The most familiar rascals, of course, are owners and managers who victimize their fighters. For many the term fight manager still summons up a picture of either James Gleason or Sheldon Leonard (depending on whether one favors Irish or Jewish stereotypes), attired in double-breasted, wide-lapelled, padded-shouldered, pinstriped suits of the sort now returning to style. The "owners" of boxers were on camera less often, but it was somehow always clear that they were Sicilians and belonged to a clandestine international organization having interests in a number of nefarious enterprises, like city government. The manager stereotype was probably fair enough—Gleason and Leonard talked tough, but they had hearts of gold—and even now this description fits the breed remarkably well. Today's owner, however, is a suburban dentist or a corporate organization formed by "business executives" (that is, life insurance salesmen who like to think of themselves as just wicked enough to be dashing but who cannot afford to own racehorses). I suppose these owners exploit their boxers no more and no less than they exploit their patients or policyholders.

While Brinkley is worrying—who takes care of washed-up broadcasters? And as for King Levinsky being victimized by his manager, at least it was all in the family: he was managed at one point by his sister Lena. Surely there must be more satisfying villains than Lena.

In any case the standard of morality is not demonstrably lower in boxing than in other sports. Indeed, it may be ar-

7. Choosing examples who live in such a safehaven climate did not strengthen Brinkley's case for their deprivation, but it must have made his study of it much more pleasant.

8. Mr. Flescher's statistics are beyond

question. He is to boxing what the librarian of Congress, the director of the Smithsonian and Walter Lippmann are to the nation.

9. Stepin Fetchit later regained some of his physical and financial health. He was

gued that the peccadilloes of boxers are dealt with more sternly. Last year a baseball pitcher named Dennis McLain was suspended for half the season because he had gone into the bookmaking business. In football there have been persistent allegations that a New Yorker named Namath has frequently extended hospitality to bettors, and he has had some conversations with the commissioner about it, but his hands are too valuable to slap hard.¹⁰ A few seasons ago football did impose a year's suspension on two players, Paul Hornung and Alex Karras, for wagging on their own teams—a rightful breach of professional ethics. During his suspension, however, Hornung managed to keep beautiful body and tarnished soul together quite nicely by appearing regularly on the luncheon circuit of our nation's animal clubs. The Moose and Elks were not offended by his conduct. (Karras, on the other hand, turned temporarily to wrestling, a branch of show business.) In contrast to this treatment of heroes from lesser sports, consider the standards applied to boxers. On the Brinkley program it was established that a man named Sam Margolis had been seen in the home of Charles (Sonny) Liston, the Bons Karloff of boxing, and that Margolis "is a partner, or was a partner, in the ownership of a restaurant with the son-in-law of Frank Palermo." This is not guilt by association; it is guilt by association with a former associate of a son-in-law. If the same standard were applied to the executives of the top 100 American corporations, all of them would probably¹¹ have to give up any thought of boxing professionally. As always, Lynch said it best:

"There was a side to prize-fighting which has been insufficiently ventilated. It brought out magnificent qualities in men not otherwise admirable. The ring did not make villains but gave ready-made villains the chance of being something better. Of course, an opponent of the ring would call this the canonization of rascals, adding that popular accord made he-

roes of blackguards. A better view is that every man is a good fellow in some way; and we may thus look on the exploits of various rascals dispassionately."

If one took a truly dispassionate look at the rascals, one might wonder why the Hornungs and the Namaths are treated with so much more understanding than the Listons and the Alis. There is, of course, a sociological explanation. The Kerner Commission made it official that we have two societies, separate and unequal—and Hornung and Namath broadly resemble those in the dominant culture while Liston and Ali do not.

Professional boxers have always come from the bottom of the socioeconomic scale. The records list many Jewish contenders up until World War II, but the decrease in anti-Semitism owing to the mobilization and to Gregory Peck in *Gentlemen's Agreement* changed all that. The Italians and Poles started a little slower and stayed in a little later. The Irish apparently found social climbing more difficult or fighting more attractive—they predominated in the ring from the middle of the 19th century to the middle of the 20th, with echoes up to the present in such fighters as Jerry Quarry. But boxing in this country now is almost exclusively a sport of blacks and Latin Americans. Boston Lynch would approve the segregation:

"Of course, it happens now and again that a white man and a black man are matched, and there is an outcry against the 'brutal exhibition.' But that is a peculiar instance, and boxing has little to do with the trouble. The feeling of a section of the public runs very high, not in the excitement of sport, but in the fever of racial antagonism. It is infinitely preferable that white and black men should not be pitted against one another. Apart from this racial feeling, it is unsuitable. Negroes are not physically built like us."

Lynch reflected the feeling of his time but, even as he wrote, a black man—

continued

given a job as an adviser to Muhammad Ali.

10 Namath is also said to enjoy the pleasure of women. This is apparently remarkable for a football player, judging by the amount of comment it engenders. Boxers have been

known to take such recreation in quantity.

11 The word "probably" is to a journalist what a protective cup is to a boxer. If he is attacked for the statement, the journalist may clutch his quill and groan he was fooled.

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Sweet Science continued

Jack Johnson—was heavyweight champion of the world. This was 35 years before Jackie Robinson was admitted to the major leagues. A great deal is still made of Arthur Ashe in tennis. There was always discrimination in boxing, but fights of the type Lynch found troublesome took place frequently.

Boxing has been integrated since at least the late 18th century, when a black American named Bill Richmond became a popular boxer (and subsequently a promoter and publican) in England. Richmond's protégé Tom Molineux, another American black, fought two famous battles with the English champion Tom Cribb in 1810-11. Later, in Lynch's time, it became fashionable for champions to draw "the color line," especially to avoid formidable black challengers. John L. Sullivan used the principle for years against Peter Jackson, the great Australian black. Experts believe that Sullivan showed sound judgment. But Jackson did fight many whites, including both Corbett and Jeffries before they won their titles.

Boxing's audience was also affected by the latter-day popularity of racial segregation. Among the pugilistic prints hung in my home are two scenes of boxing crowds in London done almost a hundred years apart. The first, *The Interior of the Fives Court, 1821*, shows two white fighters sparring before a large crowd of spectators, among whom are at least a few blacks, probably boxers or former boxers. George IV is said to have had a copy of this print on a wall of his chambers.¹² The second print, a scene at the National Sporting Club in 1917, shows a lily-white crowd in fancy dress.

But all-white boxing crowds were a temporary phenomenon largely confined to the first half of the 20th century. Over the last couple of decades, in a fine example of the historical dialectic, they have been replaced by black and Latin audiences; the whites have lost most of their interest. When the supremacy of Joe Louis could be challenged by white hopes like Billy Conn or even Tony Galento, the whites could be enthusiastic.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID NOVES

The last white American heavyweight champion, Rocky Marciano, had a great advantage over his black successors—even if he fought the best challengers there would be at least one white man in the ring to please white society. The next titleholder, Floyd Patterson, was forced to fight nonentities like Tom McNeeley in an attempt to keep the Irish interested. (The stratagem failed.) Heavyweight champions since Patterson, such as the current titleholder, Joe Frazier, have largely given up on the whites. They have adopted a policy of fighting the best-qualified man, which results in most contests being all black. Much the same thing has happened in the other weight classes, with blacks dominating the heavier divisions and Latins the lighter ones. Boxing promoters are not lacking in sociological insight, and their perception of this trend no doubt brought about the Marciano-Alì confection. So long as all of the ethnic groups serving their social and pugilistic apprenticeships were white, no matter of what exotic cast, the bourgeoisie could identify with the sport. Boxing now is of little interest in the same circles and for the same reason that drug addiction was of little interest so long as it was confined to the ghetto.

This indifference clears the political paths for the reformers who would declare boxing illegal. A colleague of mine has called these reformers "moral entrepreneurs": they want to sell their morality to as wide a market as possible, and the most efficient marketing device is a state-sanctioned monopoly. Since Anglo-Americans have great faith in the power of law to bring about moral uplift, such enterprise is often successful here. In our effort to perfect the human animal through legislation, we have declared illegal, at one time or another, liquor, marijuana, gambling, publications that are likely to be popular, rock festivals, any sort of sexual practice that might be more pleasant than procreative, and professional boxing.

Prefighting was outlawed in most of the United States until the early 20th cen-

continued

12. Pierre Egan's *Art of Self-Defense* makes it clear that the devotion to boxing of England's upper classes in the early 19th century went beyond mere pastime—they became participants: "In [John Jackson's] rooms in Old Bond Street might be daily witnessed

some of our most celebrated lawyers, enlightened statesmen, impartial judges, immense landowners, etc., etc., unbending from their various vocations in society, putting on the gloves with one another, giving his for his, imbibing additional courage from each

blow." If the fashion were the same today, we might be treated to such bouts as Ramsey Clark vs. John Mitchell, Keesler vs. Julius Hoffman, Bella Abzug vs. Strom Thurmond, Vidal vs. Buckley or Averell Harriman vs. H. L. Hunt. Now that would make boxing!



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Sweet Science continued

tury. Then, through the efforts of such modern statesmen as the Hon. James J. Walker of New York, more enlightened legislation was enacted which permitted professional boxing under the supervision of state regulatory commissions. But the illegality of boxing during the 19th and early 20th centuries did not prevent the realization of the genius of Jackson, Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries and Johnson. It is characteristic of this sort of law that it be enforced whimsically. Thurman Arnold observed that laws like these are "unrepealed because we want to preserve our morals" and "unenforced because we want to continue our conduct."

Even the judges went out of their way to be lenient to the fighters. *Mississippi* 12. Sullivan is a case in point. John L. Sullivan had been convicted of the crime of prizefighting as a result of his heavyweight championship bout with Jake Kilrain. The indictment charged that Sullivan "on the 8th day of July, A.D. 1889, in the second judicial district of Marion

County, Mississippi . . . did then and there enter a ring, commonly called a 'prize-ring,' and did then and there, in the said ring, beat, strike and bruise the said Jake Kilrain, against the peace and dignity of the state of Mississippi" (not to mention of Jake Kilrain). On appeal the Mississippi Supreme Court ruled:

"The offense can exist only where two persons engage in the unlawful act. The parties are severally guilty, but the guilt of each springs from the joint unlawful act. One man cannot commit the offense."

The judges noted that there was nothing in the indictment to indicate that Kilrain fought back and therefore held that whatever had taken place did not amount to a prizefight. Though I have seen the kind of fight Their Honors must have had in mind, they did not do Kilrain justice. It took Sullivan 75 rounds to knock him out. The fight lasted more than two hours.¹³

Those who would outlaw boxing claim

that it is unsafe—and there is a degree of risk—but they do not explain why men should not be permitted to assume that risk. The general popularity of child-labor laws may have encouraged extensions of their rationale; children were thought to lack the capacity to decide whether or not to work more than a certain number of hours or at certain jobs. Progressive states adopted similar legislation for women, no doubt on the same rationale. Recently, however, in striking down a statute that required motorcyclists to wear helmets, a court held that a citizen has the right to choose to take the risk that his head will be bashed in. Moreover, certain alleged sports which seem to me to be the naked expression of a death wish—sky diving, for example—are perfectly legal. So are auto racing and hunting, which not only

continued

¹³ As it turned out, it was also an event of considerable historical importance—the last bare-knuckle fight for the championships.

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If you're in the market for just an economy sedan, this isn't it.

But if you're the type who wants a racy, economical, little, sporty sedan, sure!



A Real Tip on Benny the Tout

Green Sheet Benny was an ecologist long before the word came into style. He lived within a controlled environment, doing all of the controlling himself and making a nice dollar out of it. Green Sheet Benny was a tout. Back in the early 1950s three pals and I (16-year-olds all) did some field work on Benny's system. Ecology was the last thing on our minds at the time—but a high-toned word like that makes the memory easier to bear.

We had heard about Benny around the local dog track. Wherever greyhounds were racing was where Benny wanted to be; he moved his whole world with him from track to track, an ecosystem that, with a certain grisly fitness, was contained inside an old Cadillac hearse. It had been refitted into a combination home and office. Along one side of the back end was a mattress. The desk formed the other side of the back end. It consisted of a long sheet of plywood on which were arranged a typewriter and several boxes of 3-by-5 cards. This was his filing system, it was supposed to list every greyhound racing in the U.S. A hand-cranked mimeograph stood in a corner.

Benny drove his hearse back and forth between Florida and Arizona for the first few years after World War II, timing his arrivals with the opening of race meetings at both ends. When Colorado legalized pari-mutuel betting he added a third leg to his journey, and that is when we first came upon him.

Being 16 in that part of the country at that time was something less than Nirvana. The local minor league baseball team was slipping below our level of sophistication, television had barely poked its way through from Chicago and the extratheatrical possibilities of drive-in movies had not yet been thoroughly explored. But dog racing? Well, that just might be something.

It was inevitable then that we would meet Benny, for he stood just inside the main entrance shrilling his spiel: "Winners! Getcha winners here! Benny's got the winners! Buy the Green Sheet!" He wore a carpenter's apron over a drab suit, and tucked into the apron pockets were the green mimeographed tout sheets that went for 50¢ each and listed Benny's picks for all 11 races.

During the entire race meeting he kept the hearse in the parking lot at the track,

not moving it between opening day and the closing of the season. On his arrival each year he would walk into the track manager's office and offer to clean the entire grandstand after each night of racing for a pittance. The manager always agreed, and Benny would go to work the morning after opening day, following an unvarying schedule:

5 a.m. to 8 a.m.—Benny sweeps out the grandstand, finishing well before anyone else shows up.

8 a.m. to noon—Benny draws the curtains on his hearse and apparently catches 40 winks.

Noon to 2 p.m.—Benny talks to owners and trainers, especially those with dogs racing that night.

2 p.m. to 6 p.m.—Benny pores over the 3-by-5 cards, peeks out his selections on a mimeo stencil and cranks out the Green Sheet.

6 p.m. to 6:30 p.m.—Dinner; two hot dogs and a beer.

6:30 p.m. to the close of betting on the first race—Benny hawks the Sheet.

There was no great mystery about Benny's willingness to sweep up the grandstand—the track manager knew he was looking for discarded winning tickets. But the track's patrons did not know about Benny's moonlight activity. Benny was not napping at all during the time from 8 a.m. to noon, when he drew the curtains on his hearse. Instead, he was carefully sifting through the refuse he had swept up the night before, picking out any winning tickets that had been mistakenly discarded by nervous bettors.

Later that night Benny would stroll to his spot on the rail at the top of the stretch. After each race he would nonchalantly but conspicuously walk to the cashier's window and cash one of his winning tickets from the previous night. His repeated visits to the cashier's cage had predictable results: the circulation of the Green Sheet flourished.

My friends and I traveled to the track often that summer, and we were impressed by Benny's success. It was against the law for minors to bet, but it was al-

ways possible to suborn some adult into fronting for us if we had the money. Normally we were broke, but on the closing day of the meeting we scraped up \$4 and decided to try our luck.

It was a trivial sum, but we figured we could build it into a fortune by night's end if we had one of Benny's Green Sheets. We had forgotten something. Benny's Green Sheet cost 50¢, so if we bought one and somehow (no matter how improbably) lost our first bet, we were wiped out. We decided to try a kind of informal welfare.

As soon as betting closed on the first race we went up to Benny and asked him to give us one of his sheets free. "They're not much good to you now," we said.

He refused at first, then told us: "If you get down to one bet, come around. I may give you a break."

Our first try was a show ticket that paid \$3. We missed betting on the third race when we got into a disagreement over how to make the best use of the odd dollar. One of the syndicate wanted to go for a \$5 ticket, another wanted to stick with \$2 bets, while another wanted to spend the buck on hot dogs. We stayed with small show bets, hitting in both the fourth and fifth races but losing in the sixth. The seventh and eighth races brought us small profits, so we decided to open up in the ninth and 10th—and none of our dogs came in. We were desolate, and buck down to \$2 with only one race left.

We found Benny at his usual spot on the rail. He saw us coming and grinned. Before we could even speak he said, very low, "Three dog. Ten to one. Can't lose." We were in. We would take home 20 bucks.

The three dog ran last. We were stunned for five or 10 seconds, then we all had the same idea. We caught Benny just as he was climbing into his hearse.

"How, Benny?" we asked. "How?" All we could think of were those remunerative strolls he made to the payoff window after every race.

Benny looked at us and shrugged. Then he offered us the only wisdom at his command, "Geer, kids," he said. "They all got four legs."

With that he closed the door on his Cadillac hearse, pulled the curtains shut and retired to his private ecology.

—TOM EDWARDS



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

SWIM—THE UNION BOAT CLUB of Boston won the lightweight eight title in the national championships at Devils Den, Scotch Loon in New York City and qualified to represent the U.S. in the European championships in Copenhagen Aug. 16-22. The crew was captained by Bill Tryon, who finished second in Argentina's Alberto DeMolli in the single scull in the Pan-Am Games.

FOOTBALL—Separated by the passing of Craig Morton and Roger Staubach, DALLAS topped Los Angeles 45-17 in their passion opener (page 24). Meanwhile, in Tampa, the New York Jets faced the DETROIT LIONS, losing the game 20-34 and Quarterback Joe Namath, at least until the last two minutes of the game. The Jets were down 17-10 and Namath, who was running with a recovered fumble, Paul Newman, who had been knocked out of the game, returned to the field. Namath, who was running with a recovered fumble, Paul Newman, who had been knocked out of the game, returned to the field. Namath, who was running with a recovered fumble, Paul Newman, who had been knocked out of the game, returned to the field.

GOLF—DEAN REFRAN of Boca Raton, Fla. shot a par 4 on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff with Ross Randall of Alameda, Calif. in the \$20,000 Little America Golf Classic in Akron, Kan. Refran, the former head coach of the University of Kansas, won the tournament, finishing with a five-over-par 221 to tie for 22nd place (page 60). In the main event, the \$100,000 American Golf Classic, 24-year-old JERRY HIRARD of Vista, Calif. led from the start to win his first tournament since joining the tour in 1966, with a five-under-par 275, three strokes ahead of Dick Douglas.

Defending Champion MARY BUDGE of Dundee, Ont., won the Women's Western Junior Championship in Portersville, N.C., defeating Linda Smith of Whittier, Calif. 1-6 on the first hole.

HORSE RACING—ALBERTUS (52.20), driven by Stanley Davis, gained his 12th straight victory

and his 13th in 14 starts this season in the \$32,200 Commodore Pace at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. Doctor Hammer finished second, 2½ lengths back.

Dancer guided QUICK PRIDE (\$53,400) to victory later on the week, winning the \$102,646 Dancer Cup at Roosevelt in 2:05 for the mile and a half. Keynote, Hildreth, driven by Stanley's brother Vernon, finished half a length back.

HORSE RACING—PROTANTO (\$14,800) finished a head in front of Peace Corps to win the \$60,390 Whitney Stakes at Saratoga Springs, N.Y. (page 60).

WEST COAST SCOUT (\$42,400), ridden by Larry Adams and owned by Buffalo Bill President Ralph Wilson Jr., took the \$100,000 Mountain International Handicap by 1½ lengths over Northfield in track record time of 1:44. Belmont Stakes winner Pico Cocker headed eighth, ten French miles.

PRE-OLYMPIC GAMES—The United States men won 18 of 22 gold medals in the track and field events in Cali, Colombia, highlighted by FRANK SIEBERT's double victory in the 50,000-meter run and the marathon (page 19). The only world record, however, was set by Cuban male jumper PEDRO PEREZ DUEÑAS with a jump of 7'11". Earlier in the week Jamaica's DONALD QUARRE equaled world record time in the 200 meters with a 19.8 clocking. The U.S. was eliminated from basketball competition for the first time as Brazil beat Cuba 71-68 in the round robin tournament. Cuba upset the U.S. 70-69 and the U.S. edged Brazil 81-79. All three teams finished with 2-1 records, but Brazil and Cuba reached the final playoffs because of larger point spreads in games involving the three teams.

SWIMMING—JAMES SCHOONMAKER of Miami and TOM DUDINSKY of St. Petersburg, Fla. finished 2:11 points to become the second American duo to win the European and North Africa Star Club championships at Cascais, Portugal.

SWIMMING—KAREN MOE, 18, of the Santa Clara Swim Club, broke the world record in the women's 200-meter butterfly with a 2:14.59 clocking at the Los Angeles Invitational Championships. Al Jones of Cincinnati set the old mark of 2:19.1 last year.

SWIMMING—Austrian KEN ROSEWALL, the 1962 and 1963 champion, defeated third-seeded Cliff Davidson of South Africa 6-5, 6-3, 6-0 in the final of the \$50,000 U.S. Pro Championships at the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, Mass. for the \$10,000 first prize (page 67).

BILLIE JEAN KING defeated Australia's Kerry Melville 6-4, 4-6, 6-1 in the \$40,000 Virginia Slant International at Houston, the richest women's tennis tournament in history, to raise her career earnings to a record \$67,000.

TABLE & FIELD—JURIS LUZINS of the U.S. Marines set a 1:53.1 American record of the 800-meter run at an international meet in Oslo. Luzin was clocked in 1:45.2, the best time this year and only nine-tenths off the world record.

BASEBALL—AFFOINDED WAYNE DUKE, 42, as commissioner of the Big Ten, to succeed the late Bill Wood. Duke has been commissioner of the Big Eight for the last eight years and was the youngest commissioner elected in the country when he took over at the age of 34. Still the younger, he received a five-year contract at \$38,000 a year from the Big Ten.

CHANGED—The name and residence of the NBA's San Francisco Warriors to the GOLDEN STATE WARRIORS, with home games in Oakland.

RETIRED—LARRY BERAN, 1967 Houston Trophy winner from UCLA who never completed a year in pro ball, after being cut by the Denver Broncos. A quarterback, Beran has been trying to make it in the NFL for four seasons—with the Washington Redskins and Broncos. Urged by Coach Lou Saban to try out as free safety, Beran declined, saying, "If you want to be a player, and you don't pass the bar exam, do you become a law firm just to get into the courtroom?"

REVERSED—Last week's trade between the New England Patriots and the Oakland Raiders in running backs DUANE THOMAS and CARL GARRETT. Patriots General Manager Upton Bell stated that "sanath questions" concerning Thomas' physical examination prompted his return to Dallas.

WITHDRAWN—PORSCHE, from such world marshall-car championship races as the 24 Hours of Le Mans and the Six Hours at Williams Glen, because of new International Automobile Federation regulations that call for the use of three-litre engines. Instead, Porsche will concentrate on the European endurance and Can-Am races which allow five-litre engines.

DIED—JOHN MACDERMOTT, 79, the youngest man to win the U.S. Open golf championship, in Ventura, Pa. MacDermott won a three-way playoff in 1911 at the age of 19, then lost in the 1912 Open to become one of only five golfers to win the tournament in successive years.

CREDITS

4—Bernie Cooke, 19—Neil Ingham, 20—Rob Coleman, 21—Liz, 22—Rob Coleman, 23—24—25—26—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—1232—1233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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BEAT 'EM BUCS

Sirs:

You devoted most of *On the Line with the Three Rivers Game* (Aug. 21) to Roberto Clemente and Willie Stargell and seemed to overlook the Pirate bench. True, Clemente and Stargell are good cops, but players like Jose Pagan, Gene Clines, Milt May, Vito Davalillo and Bill Mazeroski are the reinforcements a ball club needs when September rolls around. Right now the Pirates seem to be in excellent position to take it all this year. Some people will say that October is way off in the future, but as far as I am concerned you can start on your World Series issue right now.

MICHAEL MARLBOROUGH

Bellingham, Mass.

Sirs:

The Pittsburgh Pirates seem to have captured that attitude of superiority and feeling of greatness which are so necessary for a club to attain the highest levels of achievement. It is one for all and all for one, a stance that produces a hatred of the losing way; indeed, it is a togetherness which reminds one of the Boston Celtics in their most fabled years. But do not at any time let the specter of the Baltimore Orioles pass from mind. All they do, with little comment or due glory, is win and win, again and again.

JOHN R. HINER

Lincoln, Mass.

Sirs:

After witnessing the San Francisco Giants' recent four-game sweep of the Pittsburgh Pirates to give them a nine-out-of-12 margin in their season series, it seems reasonable to say that the Giants will not only stop them at the pass but won't even let them on their horses. The Giants completely outslugged the Pirates, scoring 39 runs to the Bucs' 23. Best of all, the Giants unveiled a great young first baseman in 6' 6" Dave Kingman, who hit three home runs (one a grand slam) in his first four major league games. What a combination—Willie McCovey and Kingman!

From the looks of it, the Giants haven't got much to worry about in their division, or anyone else's. So the baseball world had better get ready for a cross-Bay World Series, because the Orioles still can't get past Vida Blue and Chuck Dobson.

JEFF LANE

San Lorenzo, Calif.

Sirs:

The comments on the extreme difficulty of popping home runs out of Forbes Field

indirectly praise Ralph Kiner, who was an exception. From 1946 through 1952, he had seasons of 23, 51, 40, 54, 47, 42 and 37 home runs for the Pirates (leading the National League all seven times), despite playing half his games in that bad park and having mediocre hitters surrounding him in the lineup.

SARAH JANE GASTON

Washington

OLD BREED

Sirs:

I feel it is mandatory to point out some misrepresentations in the article, *New Breed*, *New Ideas*, *New Taxes* (June 7). One would be led to believe that the owners of the two farms that are featured are the sole saviors and pioneers of good thoroughbred blood in California in spite of taxation. I have been a director of the California Thoroughbred Breeders Association for 10 years and am presently the vice-president and treasurer of that association. In 1986, when it became apparent that the assessment practices of county assessors in California were inconsistent with the future of the breeding industry, a few directors of the CTBA initiated action to deal with the problem. It took several years to gain adequate support among the breeders. Last year the CTBA attempted to have introduced on the floor of the state assembly a bill that would alleviate part of the inequities. This year another bill is pending action by the legislature.

The article also states that I moved all of my horses to Kentucky. This is not true. I have been breeding and racing thoroughbreds over 12 years in California, and for the past five years have maintained a small broodmare band in Kentucky for the specific purpose of breeding to stallions of Kentucky syndicates in which I have purchased shares. Moreover, Los Cerritos has been instrumental in moving to its farm in California stallions that were well-bred, that are highly qualified in the stud and are of the type that I believe will propagate their top-class racing ability to their foals. It is the intention of Los Cerritos to be a continuing quality thoroughbred breeding establishment in California, with the large majority of the breeding stock being based there, irrespective of the problems of taxation.

W. T. PASCOE III

Owner

Rancho Los Cerritos

Murrieta, Calif.

ODD ODDS

Sirs:

Odds against Bobby Fischer's winning 12 in a row are nowhere near 1,000 to 1, as

claimed by Max Euwe (*Master You Can Win Them All*, Aug. 21). Playing against a near equal, Fischer could be expected to draw 59%, lose 6%, and win 35% (very roughly), making 12 in a row a 300,000-to-1 chance. Nineteen in a row would be about half a billion to 1. The only conclusion I can draw is that he has improved several hundred points over his last published rating, thereby outclassing the rest of the world.

DAVID ROEDMAN

Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

If winning 19 consecutive chess games is comparable to pitching 19 consecutive no-hitters, it is fair to assume that winning one chess game is the equivalent of one no-hitter?

G. L. SHIITE

Oakland

Sirs:

You have given the sport of chess a boost by pointing out to your readers Bobby Fischer's feat of 19 wins in a row. But for a fluke, however, his record would now stand at an even more impressive 20 straight.

After taking seven games in the qualifying round at Palma de Mallorca (a match with Dragoljub Minc was played later than scheduled due to an illness, but was counted among the seven), Fischer sat down to play his final game against Oscar Panno. The clock started and Fischer made his first move. With that, Panno resigned, and Fischer moved on to his series with Mark Taimanov and Bent Larsen. I think it is reasonable to assume that Fischer could have defeated Panno had the game been played.

HARVEY NATHAN

New York City

AGELESS ATHLETES

Sirs:

George Blanda (*The Impossible Season*, Aug. 21) won my respect for his tenacity last season, but I think you picked the wrong "old man" to do a feature about. In Detroit there is 43-year-old Gordie Howe, the world's greatest hockey player who plays a sport which is much more active and exciting than football. Blanda comes off the bench and performs in spot situations for only a few seconds when he kicks a field goal, or for a few minutes when he takes over at quarterback, whereas Howe is in the midst of fierce competition for 40 minutes a game. Now that Gordie is bothered by a painful wrist and on the verge of retiring, I think you could take the courtesy to honor him in your magazine, for it may be a long time

before you see someone compete for 25 super years as he has.

NEAL KERRILL

Snyder, N.Y.

CANDY IS DANDY—SOMETIMES

Sirs:

Regarding the statement in *BASEBALL'S WEEK* (Aug. 2) that Ron Santo "keeps candy bars in the dugout in case he feels threatened by a diabetic coma," you should have said "threatened by a low blood-sugar reaction to insulin." Diabetes is a very complex subject, and more is being learned about it all the time. But basically insulin is required to help the body utilize glucose, which brings blood sugar down toward normal, avoiding diabetic coma. The candy bars mentioned, or any other sugar source, are used to elevate very low blood sugar—or insulin reaction—if such hypoglycemia occurs following insulin injection.

It is really not surprising that your writer, dealing with the unfamiliar jargon, just got it backwards. I've seen that done in print before. But for the sake of diabetics who just might get the wrong handling in emergencies by well-meaning friends, I think you should clarify this for your readers.

MAURICE M. HELLMAN, M.D.

Benmark, N. Dak.

MIXED-UP MUSCLES

Sirs:

Having been a hurdler myself, I was greatly interested in Bill Bowerman's article *The Secrets of Speed* (Aug. 2), which had a number of very good concepts scientifically applied to running. I was somewhat amused, however, by the description of the three running phases and the muscles involved. The forward swing, as described by Bowerman, cannot be achieved by contraction of the quadriceps as a whole because this powerful muscle group serves chiefly as the knee extensor. The thigh is flexed at the hip in the forward swing primarily by the iliopsoas muscles in the pelvis and the knee is flexed also in the forward swing by the hamstrings.

In the backward swing the hamstring group must relax on the already flexed knee and allow it to be extended by the quadriceps. At the hip, leg extension is achieved also by the powerful gluteus maximus muscle in the buttock. The gluteus maximus, quadriceps and gastrocnemius (calf muscle) all combine at lift-off to produce a push-and-pull extension of the leg. To concentrate on deliberately using the muscles described could only result in a few cinders in the teeth.

GREG GATES, M.D.

Atlanta

IRON MIKE STRIKES

Sirs:

Roy Snader's qualifications may be impressive (1978 *Holt*, Aug. 2), but I'm sure

continued



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Zip _____

19TH HOLE continued

Pirate Shortstop Gene Alley will take exception to his statement that "the chances of being hit by Iron Mike are nil." Gene was hit on the wrist by Iron Mike on the first day of spring training this year, missed the entire exhibition season and didn't start to play until the second week of the regular season. His bat has been productive the last four weeks, but he got off to a woefully slow start. I'm sure he'd tell you that Iron Mike had at least a little bit to do with that.

BILL SHUE

Pittsburgh

RAN THE MUTTON

Ser

In SCORECARD (July 26) you mentioned the Wyoming sheep rancher who got some publicity, a minimum fine and a pat on the back for poisoning some eagles and otherwise breaking the laws protecting wildlife. It would appear that two viewpoints are on a collision course in regard to this matter of indiscriminate poisoning of the West.

On the one hand are the Western sheepmen and the Division of Wildlife Services, who seem determined to poison every meat-eating wild bird and animal if that is what it will take to "save" the sheep industry. On the other hand are the rest of the 200-million-plus U.S. citizens, who are being made aware of this massive wildlife poisoning and its incalculable consequences.

There is a strong possibility that what a certain segment of the Western sheepmen are really doing is poisoning the whole sheep industry in the mind of the rest of the nation. Might not the wool-buying, mutton-eating American public finally sit back and say, "Do I want to pay this high a price for wool and mutton? Might I not better go with synthetics and imports or do without?"

As for the Division of Wildlife Services, when enough people put the heat on their Congressmen to cut off the funds of this poison-spreading outfit it finally will come to its senses.

It seems evident that the sheep industry people had better think this thing through, and quickly. They had better work toward finding the correct solution and get off this indiscriminate poisoning kick. They have too much at stake to say of any industry boycott, "It can't happen here." Get any significant part of our nation's citizenry upset over some industry destroying forever a valuable part of our national heritage and wildlife resource, and plenty can happen. And will.

JAMES E. HALPERT

Durango, Colo.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain... but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"



FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine; MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report NOV. '70.



The Queen's Award to industry, 1971

James Burrough, Ltd., distiller of Beefeater, the only gin ever to be honored with the Queen's Award to industry, has now received the coveted award for the third time.

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Serve Beefeater. Someone may give you an award for your martini.

From The Queen of England
to Beefeater, The Gin of England